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SPECIMEN I.

From The South (Richmond, Va.).

POLITICAL PREACHERS—WHAT THEY HAVE DONE FOR RELIGION.

THE iniquities of New York can be comprehended only by an imagination familiar with vice and crime in every conceivable shape and in every possible excess. We pretend to no such accomplishment ourselves; but an occasional glare smites the eye, and reveals something of the diabolical wickedness which lurks as well in the counting-rooms and palaces as in the brothels and gambling hells, of the Corinth of these latter times. The public got such an insight when Schuyler—a gentleman of aristocratic blood and conspicuous piety—was discovered to support his splendour by a system of ingenious swindling. The public got such an insight when Huntington—the wealthy broker and leader of fashion—provoked a scrutiny into his mode of life and disclosed the various villanies of his career. Above all, the public got such an insight into the hideous deformities and depravities of New York society when the murder of Dr. Burdell rent the veil which hid the sanctuary of his home from the vulgar eye, and revealed the sweet harmonies of his domestic hearth. A pleasant spectacle, indeed, and quite eclipsing the household virtues of Schuyler, who only refused to recognise the mother of his children as his lawful wife; and of Huntington, who owned a legal bride, but lavishes his finest furniture, his choicest wines, and his dearest affections on the light of his harem in another street. Even the "passional attraction" and evanescent connections of the Free Love Society were plain Christian common-places, in comparison with the mysterious rites celebrated in the Bond Street House. This vague allusion will suffice to recall the scenes and stories with which, a short time since, the New York public were charmed, and with which decent people in other places were sickened to absolute faintness.

Such is New York society, high and low—at the Five Points and in Fifth Avenue. Such does it appear in police reports; and such is its picture as sketched by the competent hand of Foster, himself a *habitue* in every den of vice, and an adept in all the elegant arts in which Schuyler, Huntington, Eckell and Mrs. Cunningham have shown themselves proficient. These are the scenes below the surface; and the surface itself is but gilded crime and a painted imposture—the whited sepulchre that conceals the corruption and decay of death.

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If we ask why it is vice so abounds in New York, Drs. Beecher and Cheever will give us a satisfactory answer. It is because they and their colleagues are false to their profession. It is because they, the annointed guides and instructors of the multitude, have left off preaching the Gospel of Christ, and have taken to preaching the new evangel of Higher-lawism. It is because the "sacred ministry" have prostituted the pulpit to the basest uses of politicians. Can we wonder if the devil choose to hold high saturnalia in a city which flocks to the Sabbath-day exhibitions of Beecher and Cheever, and applauds their inculcation of Christian love and duty?

SPECIMEN II.

From The Detroit Free Press.

POLITICAL PREACHING—DR. CHEEVER.

On Sunday last, Dr. Cheever, of New York, delivered his fourth *sermon* in denunciation of the U. S. Supreme Court for its decision in the Dred Scott case. In this discourse he declared that "the nullification of unrighteous law, by entire and absolute refusal to obey it, is one mode of true religious obedience"; that "if the human law commands you to do one single thing that in any shape or degree is contrary to this law of love, you are bound to disobey"; that "God wholly releases the people from all obligation to obey any commands of iniquity"; that "submission itself is sin; our submission is complicity with crime"; that "our duty to Christ and the Gospel constrains us to oppose this guilt," &c. &c. Are not these beautiful expressions to be made use of by an expounder of the precepts of the "meek and lowly" founder of our religion? Here is an individual who has taken upon himself clerical orders—who has made vows to devote himself to the service of the Saviour—whose position should preclude his intermingling in affairs of a secular character—this individual falsifies his vows, dishonours his cloth, and prostitutes his position, by pandering to vile partisan ends, by advocating the dogmas of a faction whose purposes are truly infernal, and the very fact of whose existence will be regarded, in future times, as a stigma upon the otherwise fair escutcheon of our country. Instead of endeavouring to bring souls to Jesus, Dr. Cheever is endeavouring to bring voters to the Black Republican party. Instead of using his influence to advance the cause of Christiatniy, he is using his influence to advance the cause of nigger-worship. Dr. Cheever must know that the accomplishment of the objects of abolitionism would lead to anarchy, and crime, and bloodshed. He must know that the organization whose principles he so zealously advocates is composed, in a great measure, of the dregs and scum of all other parties, of demagogues, broken-down hacks, infidels, free lovers, Fourierites, and the supporters of every other imaginable ism-abominableness. He must know these things; and yet he strains every nerve to further the success of this detestable conglomeration—disgracing his sacred profession, and degrading the temple of the Almighty. The charitable supposition is that he is a monomaniac—stark, staring mad. If he is not—if he is really in the full enjoyment of his mental faculties—he is a criminal before God and man, and should be regarded with indignation and abborrence by every right-minded citizen.

SPECIMEN III.

From The Central (Richmond, Va.) Presbyterian.

A CASH FOR SYMPATHY.

We really feel a compassion for our unfortunate brother Cheever of New York, who is out again, in *The Independent*, in two columns of raving against the Supreme Court, because of the Dred Scott decision. He fairly foams and shrieks in the excess of his paroxysm of Taneyphobia, and bespatters the name of the Chief Justice with all manner of envenomed froth. We hope that our poor brother will be taken in charge by the proper medical authorities, and properly cared for. His hallucination is that he is the modern Ezekiel, sent to teach the Supreme Court of the United States constitutional law, and to denounce the thunders of heaven against the obstinate depravity of the nation, that will not obey *The Independent* and adopt free soil principles at the bidding of brothers Cheever, Beecher, &c. But alas for our hapless prophet, the only historical parallel that he suggests is that which Sidney Smith has immortalized, Mrs. Partington with her mop, driving back the Atlantic ocean. The merry canon of St. Paul's, in describing this scene, tells that "Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house, with mop and pattens, trundling her mop, squeezing out the sea-water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic ocean. The Atlantic was roused. Mrs. Partington's spirit was up; but I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop, or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest." So it is with our hallucinated brother Cheever. He is great on Deacon Giles's Distillery, and very respectable on the Pilgrim's Progress and Capital Punishment; but as to reversing the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States, we rather opine that the Atlantic will beat Mrs. Partington. We had thought of transcribing some of the delectable utterances of the worthy combatant, but really the last sweepings of the mop are rather dirty to be bottled up, and we conclude to let them alone. We can only hope that some of the sane people of the Church of the Puritans will persuade the moon-struck man with the besom that he can find much more profitable sweeping in some of the chambers of his spiritual house than the Atlantic ocean, and that it will be by no means an enviable fate for one to imagine that he is the Ezekiel of the nineteenth century, and discover at last that he is only the Mrs. Partington of the pulpit.

SPECIMEN IV.

From The N. Y. Observer, March 20.

It will be seen from these reports of the sermon that this preacher has taken more atrocious and treasonable ground than the most radical newspapers of the day. Whether we regard the decision of the Supreme Court as sound or not, we should be recreant to the plainest principles of the New Testament, we should be false to the government of God and the civil government under which we live, if we did not express our unmingled abhorrence of the doctrine of resistance in this discourse. It is a disgrace to the city and to the nation, it is a disgrace to the pulpit and to the religion of Christ, that a man professing the spirit of the Gospel should thus prostitute the sacred desk, the ministerial character and the house of God.

From the same, April 16.

There is no man in this city so prominent as to escape the condemnation of every sensible and righteous person in the community if he indulges in such language as the gaping crowds at Union Square have listened to for several successive Sabbath evenings. It is offensive to all propriety, and, we doubt not, specially offensive to God. To say that much excitement has made the eccentric speaker mad is only to apply to him less offensive words than he applies to the Supreme Court. "Black with moral turpitude, instinct and alive in every part with impiety against God and man, full of malignity, deceit and cruelty," are some of the mildest epithets which this professed follower of the meek and lowly Jesus applies to the venerable men whose moral character, to say the least, will compare favourably with that of the man who thus defames them.

Selections.

SLAVERY IN THE METHODIST CHURCH.

[Here are a few extracts from late numbers of the *Northern Independent*, the anti-slavery Methodist paper published at Auburn. Anti-slavery lecturers will do well to take note of the facts therein presented.]

ACTION OF THE BALTIMORE CONFERENCE.

THE following action on the subject of slavery was had by the Baltimore Conference at its recent session:

[See STANDARD of last week.]

Such is the anti-slavery principle of the gentleman from the border who made such burning anti-slavery speeches in the last General Conference, and declared, by everything that was sacred, that they were great and hot haters of slavery, and were doing all they could to extirpate the villany! *Now, they highly deprecate the agitation of the slavery question which has already resulted to the detriment of the political and religious interests of the country.* And such are the *anti slavery men* who *claim the right* to select *editors* to man the anti-slavery press of the North. Accordingly, it is *not* strange that the press which they have thus manned can publish the above, without a line or a word of condemnation or rebuke.

When will such anti-slavery Conferences and presses break every yoke and let the oppressed go free? If I understand the doctrince of so much of the remarks as is put down in the above action, the whole question, in the minds of our Baltimore brethren, was not in relation to their hatred of slavery, but their fear of the Church South. The question with them seems not to be so much what is right, what does religion demand, but how shall we most effectually keep the Church South out of our territory? But if all the people along the border hate slavery so much, and hold so few slaves, how does it come to pass that these representatives of a *purely slavery Church* are so formidable, and so much to be feared? Are the good people along the border, where Methodism, where the sons of Wesley have had almost undisputed sway, for the last sixty years, yet undecided on this great question of humanity, which was pronounced upon by their great founder? Alas! alas, if that be so, what has the Church been doing all those years! What must infidelity think of the power of Christianity! and where, O, where is the civilizing and humanizing power of that form of Christianity which many of our fathers have so frequently and confidently declared would take the world? †

[Extract of a letter.]

PRO-SLAVERY SPIRIT AT NEWARK, N. J.

Having nothing in particular to do, we spent a day and night in Newark, N. J., the city of Methodist churches, and the residence of Dr. Whedon. Newark is a large manufacturing city, and strongly connected with the South by commercial ties. This accounts for its pro-slavery tendencies; and as Newark is the commercial metropolis of the State, it is able to control, in a great measure, the opinions and policy of the State, religious, social and political. It is not strange, therefore, that New Jersey Conference sees almost eye to eye with Baltimore on the question of slavery.

Dr. Whedon, like many others who do business in New York, lives in Newark, though he has his regular office hours at the Book Room. By the way, we have heard an anecdote of the Doctor, to this effect: that soon after he settled in Newark, some brother in the ministry called upon him, and invited him to preach for him. Dr. W. interposed no objection to preaching, but inquired whether, in case of his accepting the invitation, he would be at liberty to speak out plainly, if he saw proper, upon the subject of slavery, or any other subject he saw fit to discuss. The solicitor declined to answer the question then, but said he would consult some of the officers of his Church, and inform the Doctor of their views. In a short time the Doctor was informed in substance that such a liberty could not be accorded to him in the Methodist pulpits of Newark—that it would not be agreeable to the people to hear anything from him at any time against the sin of enslaving men and women; whereupon the Doctor very properly indicated that it would be equally disagreeable to himself to preach in a Methodist pulpit thus trammelled and cottonized. Thus the negotiations ended (so we understand), and Dr. D. D. Whedon, editor of the *Quarterly Review*, is virtually shut out of the pulpits of Newark, N. J., unless he will first consent to be gagged, and to prophesy smooth things. And yet, in this very city, Bishop Pierce, a slaveholding Bishop of the M. E. Church, South, who wails so dolorously over the probability that Kansas will be lost to the South, was publicly associated with Bishop Janes and Simpson in the dedication of the Broad street Church! Nor was he required to abjure oppression, or abstain from its laudation; but Dr. Whedon, an officer of our own Church, a temperate and discreet minister of Christ, is met at the foot of the pulpit stairs with a padlock and muzzle; and is not allowed to ascend, unless he will consent to wear those beautiful Southern ornaments. And yet all these New Jersey delegates and preachers are very "anti-slavery." Not "*Abolitionists*" certainly; but as much as ever opposed to slavery!

All honour to Dr. Whedon for the stand he has taken. Better not preach at all than to preach an emasculated and time-serving gospel. H. MATTISON.

Bristol, R. I., April 4, 1857.

RIDICULOUS DISCRIMINATION.

As the Discipline now stands, slaveholding in the ministry is the rule, non-slaveholding the exception. We let all preachers hold slaves if they will consent to be local and unordained. We will consent to ordain them, and let them travel, slaveholders though they be, if wicked slaveholders are disposed to make a law forbidding emancipation. In view of these facts, the inquiry, "Are any Methodist preachers slaveholders?" cannot be answered in the negative, unless by some one who is personally acquainted with all our preachers, both local and travelling. Certainly there is nothing in the Discipline to prevent great numbers of ministers engaging in this abominable practice. Nor does the history of our Church, thus far, afford any ground to infer that preachers have not availed themselves of the absence of a prohibitory statute against this sin. Indeed, it is a well-known fact that many of our local preachers are slaveholders. No intelligent man will presume to deny this statement. There never has been any objection to local preachers holding slaves—the practice is as free to them as to any other members of the Church.

So much, then, for the probabilities and possibilities of ministerial slaveholding among the Methodist preachers. But the distinction itself is a burlesque. We might just as well divide drunkenness into lay and clerical, prohibiting the latter, and allowing the former. What if we were to deny our ministry, especially our travelling and ordained ministers, the right to steal, and so specify it in the book of Discipline! would not such a prohibition be justly regarded an outrage on all morality? Certainly a people who could thus discriminate between clerical and lay theft would not deserve to be considered as violently opposed to stealing. The fact of a prohibition restricted to the clergy would show that, in our estimation, there was no moral obliquity in theft, and that expediency alone determined us to restrict the practice to laymen or mere local preachers. Such a prohibition would be ridiculous, nay, monstrous, but not one whit more so than is our rule forbidding "travelling preachers," and them only, to hold slaves. This act of prohibition shows what estimate we place upon the practice; we treat it as inexpedient, not as immoral.

Surely, where the general estimate of the practice of slaveholding is so very low and doubtful as this amounts to, it is not worth while to be very nice in defending the honour of the Church against the imputation of clerical slaveholding. It is even questionable whether the bare fact of such a partial, ludicrous prohibition does not much more damage to our reputation than it can ever do us credit. Would it be any honour to find a statute among us inhibiting clerical lying, with the bare possibility of its observance by the clergy, and the absolute certainty that the vice reigned unchecked among the laity? For our part, we shall never claim it as any honour that our travelling preachers do not hold slaves. We would as soon think of deriving credit from the fact that they are not burglars, or highwaymen, or murderers. That the language of prohibition is, or ever was, necessary to keep either clergy or laity from so foul a sin, is deeply humiliating. If it could be shown that none of our preachers are slaveholders, it would add no more to our credit than it would to show that they are not pickpockets. We shall never be at the trouble of dividing the Church into lay and clerical, where vice is concerned. Sin is sin, whether in the laymen or the clergymen. This legislating against merely clerical slaveholding is a sorry business, and the least that can be said about it is best. It was the work of an unfortunate hour. Let no man hereafter inquire whether or not any Methodist preachers are slaveholders. It is preposterous.

We have taken to ourselves quite too much credit for keeping slaveholding out of the ministry. Had we, as a denomination, even succeeded in this thing, in some respectable degree, which we have not, the success would have been a standing reproach. A Church that merely pretends to keep its clergy from a shameless vice, like slavery, clearly needs a revival of anti-slavery sentiment and action.

The time has come for us to drop such trifling, and treat slavery as it deserves. It is a crime, and we must put it with crimes. We must not stand diddling with such puerilities as the prohibition of ministerial slaveholding. The age, the gospel we preach, history, our own common sense, demand a manly course. Were it not that many of our members are actually guilty of this sin, we should be opposed to soiling the pages of the Discipline with a specification of this enormity. It ought to rank with murder, piracy and seduction—crimes which we have not condescended to specifically prohibit, nor disgraced ourselves by forbidding to "travelling preachers."

SLAVERY IN THE BORDER CONFERENCES.

We were conversing the other day with an inteligent and influential member of one of the "Border Conferences," who had no sympathy with our views on the subject of slavery, but who was a frank, open, truth-telling man; and desirous of knowing the facts in the case, we asked him if slaveholding, breeding, buying and selling, existed among our membership in the Border Conferences; he said it did. We asked him if such cases were made a matter of discipline, and he answered, No. We asked him further, if any of our preachers held slaves, and he said they did. He said there were slaves held by members of the Baltimore Conference! He did not know how it was in all the Border Conferences; he only spoke of those with which he was acquainted. He stated he believed the Philadelphia Conference was now free from slavery. One of its members did hold slaves, but, upon being waited upon by a committee appointed by the Conference, and in reference to the matter, *he transferred the ownership of them to his wife!* This satisfied the committee and the Conference, and he went on his way rejoicing! We told him these things were denied on the floor of the last General Conference, by the representatives of the Border Conferences; he said he was aware of the fact, but they were nevertheless true. For ourselves, from all we can learn, we have no doubt of the correctness of Dr. McFerrin's "statements" in regard to the complicity of our Church in the great sin of slavery. Our official editors ought to be careful how they throw stones at their Southern brethren. Their glass houses are in imminent peril.

The question of principle does not divide the Church North from the Church South, so far as its practice is concerned. It is a question of *quantity* more than of *quality*—a question of retail *versus* wholesale. The Church South does a wholesale business in human slavery; the North, a retail business in this abomination. On the score of consistency, the South has decidedly the advantage. It says slavery is a divine institution, and consequently takes it to its bosom. The Church North says, "it is the vilest thing that ever saw the sun," and yet refuses to thrust it out of its communion! We hope the facts will be dragged out into the light, that we may know the extent of our guilt as a Church in this matter. The Church should arise and wash its hands clean of this "abomination which maketh desolate." We trust it will. Its peace and safety depend on this. Let us agitate, pray, talk, preach and print, until this is done, and the leper be healed. Let our motto be, "First pure, *then* peaceable," and never till "then." W.

Rochester, March 2, 1857.

THE "PEOPLE'S LIBERTY BILL."

[Extract from HENRY B. STANTON'S speech at the "Dred Scott Meeting," held in Albany, April 11, 1857.]

LET me not be misunderstood, Mr. President. I would not wage any unconstitutional war upon slavery in the States. But I will make every constitutional assault upon it. I will carefully search every section of the organic law of the land—I will go to that great armoury of free principles, the Constitution, and there select the best and most effective weapons with which to war on slavery everywhere, whether in the District of Columbia, on the high seas, in the Territories, and in all the States of this Union. In that contest I will bring into full play these clauses of the Constitution, viz.:

"We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, ensure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain this Constitution:

"No person shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law.

"The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens of the several States.

"The privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* shall not be suspended.

"The right of trial by jury shall be preserved.

"The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively or to the people."

Sir, it has been insisted by many eminent men that the rigid application of these organic principles to slavery would terminate its existence throughout the republic. John Quincy Adams, on the floor of Congress, maintained, that under "the war power," and also in other contingencies, Congress might abolish slavery in all the States. The old man is good authority on this question (applause). Governor Poindexter, of Mississippi, in his place in the Senate, when the force law was passed to collect the revenue in Charleston, and put down nullification in South Carolina, declared there was more authority under the Constitution for the abolition of slavery by Congress than for the passage of that law; and yet the law was signed by Andrew Jackson and was affirmed by the Supreme Court of the United States. Adams and Poindexter may have been in error; but, sir, if your party and mine shall ever attain to power, and come to the conclusion that Adams and Poindexter were right, then I trust they will spend the first year of their administration in instituting such measures, and the last three in carrying them out, as will leave neither a master nor a slave in all our broad land, from the pine forests of the upper lakes to the sugar groves of the lower Mississippi, and from the shores of the Atlantic to the foot of the Sierra Nevada. Then, indeed,

"From our green mountains to the sea,
One voice shall thunder, WE ARE FREE!" (Cheers.)

But, sir, all this lies in the future. The people of New York have present duties to perform. The Dred Scott decision touches us most nearly. It audaciously aims to plant and to protect slavery upon our own soil. Whatever may be its fate in National politics, Freedom is in power here. And, as a humble member of our renowned Commonwealth, I am for meeting the Supreme Court at the boundaries of our State, and proclaiming to its face, that from the shores of the St. Lawrence in the North to the banks of the Delaware in the South, and from where Montauge wraps the misty garland of the Atlantic around its headland Westward to where Niagara's cataract "rolls the wild, eternal base in nature's anthem," every being, wearing the human form divine, and who is unconvicted of crime, shall be as Free as the running waters that gush out at his feet; as chainless as the air that he inhales (long continued applause).

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Sir, the crisis is upon us. The decision of the Supreme Court, if permitted to be carried out, establishes slavery not only in all the Territories, but in every State of this Union. It nationalizes the system, and declares it inviolable and invulnerable; not a social evil, to be deplored, but a political blessing, to be reverenced and let alone. Sir, in its essence it goes to the roots of the rights of man, irrespective of colour, creed, or clime. In law, it is false; in morals, it is wicked; in politics, it is alarming. This crisis is not of our seeking. But, being upon us, we must meet it like men. I will not disguise the solicitude I feel that this Legislature should meet it promptly, boldly. The heart of the people is with us. It beats sound and steady. The public voice is emphatic. It calls for action, fearless action, adapted to the exigency. As you know, sir, a Joint Committee of the Legislature, to whom this question has been referred, have made a report, recommending the adoption of resolutions and the passage of a Personal Liberty Bill. I think the report is admirable, and the resolutions excellent. But, I fear that the people, when they examine the proposed law, will exclaim, "O, most lame and impotent conclusion!"

I think the actual war which the bill wages does not come up to the high tone of the Committee's manifesto. I hold in my hand a hastily sketched paper, which you may denominate, if you please, "the People's Liberty Bill." I read it to show what might be enacted, rather than what will be likely to be enacted. It proposes:

—That every person now in this State, or who shall hereafter come into this State, shall be a free citizen thereof.

—That if any person shall claim that any such citizen is held to "service or labour" by an inhabitant of any other State, that that fact shall be tried by a jury.

—That on such trial the presumption shall be that such citizen does not owe such service or labour; that in rebutting that presumption no person interested, directly or indirectly, in slave property, shall be a witness (applause).

—That on such trial the claimant shall be held to prove that the labour or service is "due," justly due, by the citizen whom he claims.

—That if any person shall institute such a claim against a citizen of this State, with the intent of carrying him into slavery, and shall fail on such trial, he shall be imprisoned in the State prison not less than five nor more than twenty years (renewed applause).

—That the name of any attorney of this State who shall appear on such trial as counsel for such claimant shall be stricken from the rolls of the Courts (continued applause).

—That any person who shall aid and assist any claimant from another State in any suit, the object of which is to send a citizen of this State into slavery, shall be imprisoned in the State prison, not less than five nor more than twenty years (loud applause).

—That in the case of any person holding office in this State, and thus aiding and assisting, he shall incur the like penalties, and forfeit his office (cry of "Amen").

—That any citizen of this State claimed to owe service and labour in another State shall not be restrained of his liberty while he remains in this State: and if so restrained, shall always be entitled to the writ of habeas corpus.

—That any person restraining him of his liberty, or obstructing the execution of this writ, shall be imprisoned in the State prison, not less than five nor more than twenty years.

—That the prisons of this State shall not be used by persons claiming to recover fugitives from slavery, except to put such claimants into as aforesaid (laughter and cheers).

—That every citizen of this State aggrieved by any attempt of any person to convict him of owing service or labour in any other State shall have a civil action for damages against such person, and that in respect to any judgment thus recovered the act abolishing imprisonment for debt shall not apply (renewed laughter and applause).

Of course, this bill will need to be sent to a committee to modify and mollify, and then "report complete" (renewed laughter).

Seriously, I fear the Legislature is not prepared to enact such a law, but I have no doubt the people would sustain the political party that should inscribe its leading provisions on our statute book (applause). It is not more stringent than existing laws on the same subject in those noble States, Massachusetts and Wisconsin.

It will be said, sir, that such a law, yea, that the law proposed by the committee, is "unconstitutional." I deny it. Both of them avoid all collision with any provision of the Constitution. "Unconstitutional!" I am tired of this oft-reiterated tyrant's plea—a plea so persistently urged that some men would fain believe that the Constitution was framed solely to perpetuate and propagate negro slavery upon the North American Continent. In all great conflicts for human rights, it has ever been thus. When our Anglo-Saxon fathers at Runnymede compelled King John to affix his sign-manual to Magna Charta, the English Declaration of Independence, the act was declared "unconstitutional." When the people of England arraigned and condemned Charles I. for high crimes and misdemeanours, and brought his annointed head to the block, teaching royal tyrants that though "kings can do no wrong," they can die like other felons, the act was denounced as "unconstitutional." When, at a subsequent day, the same people dethroned the Stuarts and bestowed the crown upon the Prince of Orange, prescribing his coronation oath and requiring his subscription to the Bill of Rights—the palladium of British Freedom—the conservatives of that era pronounced the act "unconstitutional." When our Puritan ancestors threw the tea overboard in Boston harbour, the cravens of the time declared the act "unconstitutional." When from behind the hedge rows of Concord they winged deadly bullets, and from the heights of Bunker hurled live thunders at tyrants, doughfaces and cow-boys skulked away and pronounced the act "unconstitutional." When Hancock and his associates in Independence Hall declared that all men are created equal and have an inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and that to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, the tory Taneys of that age adjudged the declaration "unconstitutional" (enthusiastic applause). Sir, this is not idle declamation. It is but defining and illustrating the law of progress by which Freedom has overthrown her enemies and achieved her victories.

Mr. President, we are on the threshold of a great conflict for imperishable Principles. Trusting in God, let us repel no human aid from whatever quarter offered; yet let us rely mainly for success upon those Teutonic elements in our population—the Anglo-Saxon, the Netherlandish, and the High Germanic races, whose history is made illustrious by services rendered in many climes in defence of Civil and Religious Freedom (applause). If this be "Americanism," make the most of it! (Laughter and applause.)

Looking at the horizon with the eye of the mere politician, it seems shrouded in thick darkness. But with the eye of undoubting faith in the divinity of our cause, we pierce the gloom and already see the morning blushes of that coming day—that glorious day, whose meridian sun, as it surveys our wide domain, shall see no slave moistening the soil which he tills with his tears—no master crimsoning it with the blood of his victim (loud applause).

[At the conclusion of Mr. Stanton's remarks, the Hon. Gerrit Smith, of Peterboro, addressed the meeting in a strain of rare eloquence, and of convincing reasoning, till the hour of ten o'clock. He was listened to with the profound attention which the subject demanded and his oratory ever commands. The limits of our space disable us from placing his remarks before our readers.

General James W. Nye, whose reputation as a public speaker is national, was then called to the stand by the President, and addressed the meeting, with prodigious effect, till nearly eleven o'clock. We regret that we have not room for a report of a speech so admirable that the audience demanded its continuation at the very late hour at which the orator concluded it.]—*Alb. Eve. Jour.*

NOT SUBMISSION, BUT RESISTANCE.

WE submit that the Supreme Court has to go but a step further in the same direction to destroy the Constitution entirely, and perfect the conquest of the free States. We entertain no doubt it will do so, unless those States, at once, with promptness and boldness, initiate measures to assert and maintain their reserved rights, and follow up such action by assailing the aggressor. The integrity of the Constitution, the aims and purposes of its framers, have not only been threatened, but violated and overturned. These destroyed, the instrument becomes an engine of oppression, and every right guaranteed by it is imperilled. This assumption submitted to, others will follow in rapid succession till the overthrow of the government founded by the fathers is complete. Prompt and radical measures will alone save the terrible necessity of a revolution hereafter.

The audacity and the dangerous character of the position of the Slave Power to-day cannot be over-stated. It has intrenched itself, by the aid of this decision, behind the walls of a perverted Constitution. It wields the force of a fortress it has captured while the defenders slept. Against that power in its intrenchments, formidable though they may seem, war must be successfully waged, or the free States must prepare for entire subjugation, and the utter annihilation of their power in the Federal Government, except as instruments of the slave States. That wise and sagacious State Rights man, Luther Martin, of Maryland, proposed to insert in the Constitution a specific proposition to cover just such an emergency as has now arisen, for the want of which, and for other reasons, he withheld his signature to the instrument. Happily, the cotemporaneous expositions of the Constitution by Madison and Jefferson, which we have already quoted, supersede, to a great extent, the amendment of Mr. Martin, and we must make them answer instead of his direct proposition to put the States and the present Government on an equality in case of usurpation of power by the latter.

The power, then, is ample for the emergency, the necessity urgent, and delay dangerous. The free States have only to act within the sphere of their own reserved powers. They may rightfully deny the validity of the usurpation, and choose, as their "mode and measure of redress," to break it down by destroying its corner-stone—slavery. No bugbears should deter men who are in earnest—no childish threats affright them. The power of the free States, either acting singly or together, is ample for every purpose they may resolve upon. Any one of them is more than a match for the Federal Government in a domestic crisis. Let it be remembered that no sovereign State can be guilty of treason, and no citizen of such State can be guilty of it, while acting under State authority. Let the free States, then, prepare to do their duty and avert the degradation, the calamity, the ruin, that impends under the pro-slavery domination now installed. Let the Press thunder. Let the People, in their primary meetings, proclaim an eager and unflinching hostility to the purpose of the Slave Power to bring their necks under the yoke. Let all the powers that war against tyranny be invoked. Let Oratory and Poesy and Literature rouse themselves for a fresh and unwonted effort. Let the Pulpit not flinch in the work it has begun. Let every agency of civilization and humanity be directed in full force against slavery, without timidity, without reserve, and fearless of consequences. For it is slavery, and slavery alone, that is the offender. The Supreme Court is but its tool. The war must be waged directly against the power of which the Court is but the instrument. Its decision is but an instigated decision. Its voice and its sentiments are those of the slaveholding oligarchs of the South—the "privileged class," the slave-based aristocracy, the Slave Power. This is the offender to be overcome and punished, the tyrant to be beheaded. Slavery itself must be broken down, outlawed and expelled. No such war has ever yet been made upon it by the free States. All they have ever aimed to do has been to limit its spread, and to let it alone where it exists. The slaveholders compel a total change of this policy. They deny the constitutional right to limit slavery, and the Supreme Court backs them. They assert their determination to spread it by force of arms, as has been demonstrated in Kansas, and then plead constitutional privileges to do the same thing everywhere, and the Supreme Court backs them in that also. Thus driven to the wall, the free States have no alternative. Since they cannot limit the spread of slavery, they must extirpate it. They must be ruled by it, or they must crush it. To this combat the slaveholders dare to challenge the free States. That challenge must be met. That battle must be fought. If the people of the free States be men, they will easily and gloriously triumph.

It seems to us that only those who shamelessly counsel submission to the usurpation of the oligarchs can consistently oppose this policy, for it appears to be the only one left for adoption which promises a successful result. Faithfully and fearlessly pursued, it drives slavery from power. Before the doctrines of the Declaration of Independence, supported by State action, that malign influence must succumb and leave the field. It must abdicate and flee. Admit that the remedy is radical—so is the necessity dire. Slavery is blindly audacious to claim to be tolerated in this Government as a dominant, aggressive, propagandist power. Yet it does this, and does it with brazen face. It claims to wield and does wield the whole power of this Union in the spirit of self-aggrandizement and coercive rule. In doing this, it puts itself beyond the pale of comity or forbearance, and presents itself only as an Ishmaelitish tyrant to be dethroned and guillotined, a monster to be caged and slain. The sway of such a power can deal only damnation to the land. It has long been laid to the charge of slavery, even in its position of original humiliation under the Constitution, and its restricted range by its localization, that it was an institution of wide-spread deleterious influence; that even in this subordinated and discredited position it was a curse to the country. But how vastly are its deformities and its detestable influences strengthened and enlarged, under its new aspect of nationalization and universality, through the new reading of the Constitution? As such, it becomes a peril of portentous magnitude in relations upon which it has hitherto had no bearing. It infects at once the whole life of the nation. From a local tumour, it becomes a poison in the veins. From an external fungus, it becomes a rot at the heart. From a leper to be avoided, it becomes a companion to be embraced. Thus brought into full fraternity in the State, the nation changes its fundamental character. It commences at once its decline toward barbarism. It begins the fearful, facile descent that ever marks abandonment of principle. Slavery nationalized will become a vast fountain of evil, pouring corruption and decay in ten thousand streams, blasting as the waters of Phlegethon. It will lower the national tone. It will vulgarize its sentiment. It will turn into foul channels the youthful national enthusiasm, and it will make a nation of hypocrites. It will stain our national escutcheon with dishonour; it will destroy the development of democratic principles; it will debauch the morals of the country, and destroy its Christianity. And in addition to this wholesale demoralization and national debasement, it will bring the free States to the feet of a vulgar slavebreeding aristocracy, and emasculate and bring into subjection and contempt the manhood of the people.

Such are the disasters that must flow from the success of the usurpation now enthroned at Washington. In view of them, the free States can adopt but one motto—*Delenda est Carthago.* Slavery must perish.—J. S. P.—*Tribune.*

THE ORIGINAL DRED SCOTT.

THE St. Louis *News* gives the following sketch of Dred Scott, whose name has become so celebrated since the late decision of the U. S. Supreme Court:

"The distinguished coloured individual, who has made such a noise in the world in the case of Scott against Sandford, and who has become so tangled up with the Missouri Compromise and other great subjects—Dred Scott—is a resident, not a citizen, of St. Louis. He is well known to many of our citizens, and may frequently be seen passing along Third street. He is an old inhabitant, having come to this city thirty years ago.

"Dred Scott was born in Virginia, where he belonged to Capt. Peter Blow, the father of Henry C. Blow and Taylor Blow, of this city. He was brought by his master to St. Louis about thirty years ago, and in the course of time became the property of Dr. Emerson, a surgeon in the army, whom he accompanied on that trip to Rock Island and Fort Snelling, on the ground of which he based his claim to freedom. The wife of Dr. Emerson was formerly Miss Sandford, and is now Mrs. Chaffee, wife of Hon. Mr. Chaffee, of Massachusetts. He has been married twice, his first wife, by whom he had no children, having been sold from him. He has had four children by his present wife—two boys, both dead, and two girls, both living. Dred was at Corpus Christi at the breaking out of the Mexican war, as the servant of Captain Bainbridge, whom he speaks of as a 'good man.'

"On his return from Mexico he applied to his mistress, Mrs. Emerson, then living near St. Louis, for the purchase of himself and family, offering to pay part of the money down, and give an eminent citizen of St. Louis, an officer in the army, as security for the payment of the remainder. His mistress refused his proposition, and Dred, being informed that he was entitled to his freedom by the operation of the law regulating the North West Territory, forthwith brought suit for it. The suit was commenced about ten years ago, and has cost Dred $500 in cash, besides labour to a nearly equal amount. It has given him a "heap o' trouble," he says, and if he had known that "it was gwine to last so long," he would not have brought it. The suit was defended by Mr. John Sandford, as executor of Dr. Emerson's will.

"Dred does not appear at all discouraged by the issue of the celebrated case, although it dooms him to slavery. He talks about the affair with the ease of a veteran litigant, though not exactly in technical language, and is hugely tickled at the idea of finding himself a personage of such importance. He does not take on airs, however, but laughs heartily when talking of 'de fuss dey made 'dar in Washington 'bout de ole nigger.'

"He is about 55 years old, we should think, though he does not know his own age. He is of unmixed African blood, and as black as a piece of charcoal. For two or three years past he has been running at large, no one exercising ownership over him, or putting any restraint upon his movements. If he were disposed to make the attempt, he could gain his freedom at a much less cost than even one-tenth of the expense of the famous suit. He will not do so, however, insisting on abiding by the principles involved in the decision of the suit. He declares that he will stick to his mistress so long as he lives. His daughters, Eliza and Lucy, less conscientious about the matter, took advantage of the absence of restraint on their movements, a year or two since, to disappear, and their whereabouts remains a mystery.

"Dred, though illiterate, is not ignorant. He has travelled considerably, and has improved his stock of strong common sense by much information picked up in his journeyings. He is anxious to know who owns him, being ignorant whether he is the property of Mrs. Chaffee or Mr. Sandford, though we presume there is no doubt that the former is his real owner. He seems tired of running about, with no one to look after him, while at the same time he is a slave. He says, grinningly, that he could make thousands of dollars, if allowed, by travelling over the country and telling who he is."

SIGNIFICANT.—The Memphis *Eagle and Enquirer* says it is informed by a slaveholder of Tishemingo Co., Miss., that there are many persons in that County who are avowed anti-slavery men, and that some of them are in the habit of declaring they are for a dissolution of the Union, "for the simple reason that such a catastrophe will necessarily result in the abolition of that institution."

STATE SOVEREIGNTY IN THE NEW YORK LEGISLATURE.

RESOLUTIONS ON THE DRED SCOTT DECISION.

IN THE ASSEMBLY, Thursday, April 16.

THE Assembly being in Committee of the Whole, on motion of Mr. FOOT, the resolutions touching the Dred Scott case were taken up. [See STANDARD of last week.]

On motion of Mr. FOOT, the last resolution was so amended as

made a shameful stump speech against justice and liberty. That he would dissent from—that he did dissent from; but he could go no further.

Mr. HOGEBOOM was surprised at the daintiness with which gentlemen approached this subject. The substitute expressed the indignation of the mover, because of the extraordinary opinions uttered by the majority of the Supreme Court, and yet he desires to say that he hasn't lost confidence in that majority. If he (Mr. H.) should find a man in his hen-roost at midnight, what would be thought of him if he should say, "That attempt to rob my hen-roost was an infamous act, and yet I cannot say, and it would be improper for me to say, that I have lost confidence in the robber, except in that particular instance"? He (Mr. H.) was not afraid to say what he felt, that the Court, in stepping over the bounds of its duty in so important a case, had lost his confidence and his respect. The dictum of that Court is not supreme. That Court is but one of several powers of government. It cannot rob the States of their sovereignty; and the power remains to the State sovereignties to say for themselves whether that tribunal has, in their opinion, gone beyond its powers. In this case, the Court had exceeded the bounds of its powers and duty; and he, for one, would not bow his knee to their infamous dicta. That tribunal is not as supreme as the Slave Power would have it. This is an appeal from it to the judgment of mankind and to the people; and this Legislature should give utterance to the sentiments of a free people, and, having done so, be brave enough and courageous enough to stand firmly up to the opinions and judgment uttered.

Mr. BAKER was glad to see that some of the Democracy concede that the Court had stepped aside from its duty in this matter; but it was amusing to see some on the left excusing the decision as wrong, and on the other side justifying it as right. It is easy to see the position of this case. The majority of the Court travelled out of the record to make a political decision. Its course had horrified the people, and now the friends of the Court are in one breath justifying its action, and in another denying that any known decision had been made. But the opinion is pretty general, on all hands, that the Court had degraded itself by stepping aside to make a political decision. When it is shown that it will basely, even in one case, do wrong, as it has done, then it should lose the confidence of the people in all cases. As the gentleman from Columbia well said, a man caught stealing hens should be universally despised.

Mr. FRENDERGAST believed the present the proper time to decide this question. There could be no more proper time. All the pressing duties imposed upon this branch of the Legislature are nearly closed; and, before going back to the people, it is proper that their representatives should give utterance to their views of this extra-judicial opinion of the Supreme Court. There could be no more fitting time. He approved the resolutions as they stood. There was not one improper word in them—not one word he would omit. They may not be pleasing to the Democrats. They were not drawn for any such purpose; but, as they are right, he would be pleased to have them receive a unanimous vote.

Mr. HYDE rather preferred the first substitute to the original resolution. He desired to be expressive and emphatic, while he did not desire to be indecorous or extreme. The substitute, to his mind, embraced all that should be said. He would condemn, emphatically, the infamous dicta of the Court; and he would declare that the people of this State would be bound by the dicta of no Court, high or low. In enforcing his views, Mr. H. read from a speech made by Mr. Dix, when in the United States Senate. Those views he commended to the Democracy.

Mr. SCOTT sent up the following:

"Resolved, That the Republican members of the Joint Committee of the two Houses, on the foregoing resolutions, have authority to sit during the recess of the Legislature; and if, before the convening of the next Legislature, a Convention of any of the Northern States shall be held at Hartford, in the State of Connecticut, or elsewhere, for the purpose of again taking into consideration the propriety of seceding from the Union, that said members are hereby authorized to represent the Republican party of this State in said Convention."

Mr. KIVLEN spoke against the original resolutions, denying that this Legislature or any man has a right to review or to denounce the decision of the Supreme Court.

Mr. ABBOTT moved to rise, and report progress on the resolutions. Agreed to.

FRIDAY, April 17.

The resolutions were adopted in the Assembly; yeas 65, nays 29.

The Senate, on Saturday morning, adopted the resolutions, with some amendments, in which the Assembly concurred. As finally adopted by the two houses, the resolutions read as follows:

Resolved, That this State will not allow slavery within her borders, in any form, or under any pretence, or for any time, however short.

Resolved, That the Supreme Court of the United States, by reason of a majority of the Judges thereof having identified it with a sectional and aggressive party, has impaired the confidence and respect of the people of this State.

Resolved, That the Governor of this State be, and he hereby is, respectfully requested to transmit a copy of these resolutions to the respective Governors of the States of this Union.

THE PERSONAL LIBERTY BILL.

THURSDAY, April 16.

In Committee of the Whole, the Assembly took up

AN ACT TO SECURE FREEDOM TO ALL PERSONS WITHIN THIS STATE.

The People of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

SECTION 1. Neither descent, near or remote, from an African, whether such African is, or may have been, a slave or not, nor colour of skin, shall disqualify any person from becoming a citizen of this State, or deprive such person of the rights and privileges of a citizen thereof.

SEC 2. Every slave, who shall come, or be brought, or be in this State, with the consent of his or her master or mistress, or who shall come, or be brought, or be involuntarily in this State, shall be free.

SEC 3. Every person who shall hold, or attempt to hold, in this State, in slavery, or as a slave, any person mentioned as a slave in the second section of this act, or any free person of colour, in any form, or under any pretence, or for any time, however short, shall be deemed guilty of felony, and, on conviction thereof, shall be confined in the State Prison, at hard labour, for a term not less than two nor more than ten years.

Mr. VARNUM moved to amend the second section of the bill by striking out the words "come to," so that it shall not apply to fugitives coming to this State.

Mr. WOOSTER proposed a substitute for the entire bill.

Before he had concluded his remarks, the Committee rose and reported progress.

The Liberty bill (as above) was again taken up in Committee, Mr. TALLETT in the Chair.

Mr. WOOSTER withdrew his substitute for the present.

Mr. JONES opposed the bill, for one reason, because he deemed it unconstitutional to declare, as this bill did, that no person should even pass through this State with a slave. To remedy this, he moved the following proviso to the second section:

"The preceding section shall not be deemed to discharge from service any person held in slavery in any State of the United States, under the laws thereof, who shall escape into this State, nor to any person while passing through this State who shall have been lawfully decided to owe labour or service in any other State under the laws thereof, in conformity with section two of article four of the Constitution of the United States."

This was negatived—when

Mr. JONES moved to add, at the end of the third section, as follows:

"This section shall not apply nor in anywise affect or impair the ownership to any person who shall have fled from the service of his owner, and who, while in possession of such owner or of his authorized agent, is in transitu through this State to the State from which he fled."

This proposition was also lost.

Mr. WOOSTER now proposed his substitute, as follows:

SECTION 1. Every person who shall come, or be brought into, or be in this State, shall be free.

SEC. 2. Every person who shall hold, or attempt to hold, in this State, any other person as a slave, in any form, or under any pretence, or for any time, however short, shall be deemed guilty of a felony, and, on conviction thereof, shall be confined in the State Prison, at hard labour, for a term of not less than two nor more than ten years.

A debate of a very animated character ensued, which was continued through four hours—the lobbies and galleries being filled throughout. The sketch subjoined gives no just idea of the speeches made.

Mr. WOOSTER sustained his substitute. It omitted the first section of the original bill, because our State Constitution recognises all coloured persons as citizens already. That is enough. The chief feature of his substitute was that it declared all persons free in this State. This declaration was not in conflict with either the Constitution or the Fugitive Slave law. If a negro is "property," and such a one should escape hither, the person claiming him can recover him as other "property" is recovered. He spoke at considerable length in support of his views.

Mr. JONES argued to show that the State of New York had surrendered to the United States the right to reclaim fugitive slaves, and read from an opinion of Judge McLean in support of his views. Mr. J. then alluded to the strictures made by Mr. Wooster, yesterday, upon his change of views in the license law, and retorted by saying that that gentleman had himself fallen into a like inconsistency by signing his name to a report, and then, as he is now doing, opposing what he had once indorsed.

Mr. WOOSTER replied, that it was true he had signed the report; but he had not, like that gentleman, pledged himself personally to his associates to stand by that report, letter for letter. Nor had he, like that gentleman, made a speech on the floor in favour of the reported bill, and, in fifteen minutes after, voted against his own speech and his own report and his own bill, simply because a political friend had said: "Jones, you must back down from your report, or we shall lose all our political thunder."

Mr. COX alluded to the cited opinion of Judge McLean, and showed that it was not subject to any such interpretation as he had given it. All that that opinion held was, not that the States had not the right to declare who should be free within their own borders, but that the State had surrendered to the United States the power to define the mode by which fugitives from service should be recovered.

Mr. JONES replied that Judge McLean's opinion was in direct conflict with one provision of the pending bill, which assumes to declare even fugitives from service free while they might be temporarily in the State. This was in conflict with the Constitution.

Mr. HARPENDING liked the substitute better than the original bill, but would like to have the words "without due process of law" added. He proposed amendments to suit his views:

SEC. 1. Every person in this State shall be free, except such person be held by due process of law.

The second punishes any violation of this provision with similar penalties.

Mr. B. OWEN preferred the original bill. It was brief, expressive and emphatic—the very opposite of the views expressed in the opinions in the Dred Scott case—opinions expressed with a purpose to compel the recognition of slavery in every State in the Union.

Mr. WAKEMAN sustained the original bill at length, and reviewed the positions assumed by the opponents of the bill.

Mr. VAN VALKENBURGH followed in a strong speech against the doctrines avowed by Judge Taney.

Mr. HOGEBOOM wished to do nothing in conflict with the Constitution, and would be willing to add a clause in the language of the Constitution, in regard to the surrender of fugitives.

Mr. MAHEN opposed all the substitutes and the bill, and argued that a majority of the Counties in the State had decided in favour of the Dred Scott decision.

The SPEAKER—I care not where oppression may be. There I stand, ready to repel and resist it. I recognise no power under Heaven that can make a man a slave. I recognise no Constitution—no Law, that can deprive a man of his personal rights and liberty; and I, as a citizen of New York, am ready to place this State in that attitude.

Suppose New York takes that ground—what then? Some talk of revolution, as if that were to be the dreaded result. Sir, I love that word, when it is revolution as against oppression. Revolution, in that sense, has entwined about it, and in it, the word Liberty. There is no nation under Heaven where freedom, if it have any, is not founded first in revolution. I preach not revolution here to-night, because it is not necessary. But I do say that when the Courts undertake to deprive citizens of their liberty, it is our duty to take position. I know that State after State will follow the lead of the State whose motto is "Excelsior." When this great State, with her three millions and upward of freemen, takes that position, then I know that a death-blow is struck as against African slavery.

[The Speaker's five minutes here expired—when, by consent, he had leave to proceed.]

The SPEAKER, resuming—This is my position. If this law be unconstitutional, I place my feet on the Constitution of the United States. Nowhere does it contain the word "slavery." Place that instrument in the hands of a man, born even and bred under a despotism as absolute as that of the Autocrat of Russia, accustomed to its exactions and its tyranny, and entirely ignorant of the fact that its Constitution had ever been a question in this particular—ask him to construe it. Could he point to a line or a word that recognises slavery in it? I place myself on that Constitution; and I would not permit a fugitive from the South to be taken from our limits. What then? What power can compel us to acquiesce? Will James Buchanan march troops into New York to coerce us into submission? We know that no attempt will be made thus to coerce this State, when it takes this position. We know that this will be a "bloodless Revolution"—a Revolution of Public Opinion—the whole North putting itself on the Constitution of the United States, and declaring that at the North, at least, slavery shall not exist.

I hope this law will be enacted. I don't know what members think of it. I do know what their constituents think. I know that if this question was presented to them, they would take the position I do—that of the Freedom of the People—Freedom of the citizens of New York.

Mr. VARNUM—I like the remarks of the gentleman from Oswego (the Speaker), because they come square up to the mark that I supposed he, and those who think and act with him, had in view. And I don't see, taking these remarks in connection with the resolutions accompanying this bill, and the bill itself, how to reconcile the latter with anything short of Nullification. Though the Speaker said he did not preach Revolution here to-night, he has preached it. He has defied the Constitution of the United States (loud applause in the galleries, which was with difficulty suppressed). He says he glories in preserving that sacred instrument, but it is because the word slavery is not in it. But is there not in the Constitution a tribunal created, whose province it is to decide all questions of construction growing out of it? Has not that tribunal decided this very question, as to fugitives from labour or service? Has it not decided the Fugitive act to be constitutional, and that under it fugitive slaves must be delivered up? And yet the Speaker urges the passage of this law, the object of which, he avers, is to prevent the rendition of such fugitives! If that is not treason (said Mr. Varnum, with vehemence, and turning towards the Speaker, who sat near and behind him)—if that is not treason, I know not what is (renewed applause).

Mr. FOOT said—The amendment now reads that no person shall be held as a slave in this State, "unless held under due process of law"—that is, unless held under this outrageous fugitive act. Hence it is that I am opposed to this proposition of the gentleman from Herkimer (Mr. Wooster), including, as it does, the proposition of the gentleman from Yates (Mr. Harpending), to which I allude—for these gentlemen, by this proposition, call on the Republican party to endorse the Fugitive law.

I cannot agree with the gentleman from Columbia (Mr. Hogeboom) in his proposition—though sound in fact and in the abstract—because he surrenders the practical effect of this measure. But whilst I object to it, I shall not advance so far as to go for Revolution.

The gentleman from Queens (Mr. Jones) asked me, a little while ago, if the second section of the original bill would not prevent a fugitive slave, or one claimed as such, from being taken through this State to the South! I say yes; and I say that the only obligation resting on New York, under the Constitution and laws, is to surrender slaves that escape into this State. No officer of the United States Government, nor any other man, has a right to bring over the free soil of New York a fugitive slave not found in this State—and any such officer or other person who thus brings a fugitive slave into this State, with a view of passing through it, is punishable to as great an extent as he would be for putting a stiletto in his heart. And I say that this law of the Committee, whilst it goes to the full verge of State rights in its operation, goes no further.

Some gentleman friendly to this bill of the committee had rather not use the term slave. But why mince the matter? Let the world know what we are doing.

Mr. LEWIS—My colleague (Mr. Wooster) is decidedly in favour of making the exception proposed by Mr. Harpending. I am as decidedly opposed to it. I stand to the same position I have heretofore occupied. I go for the substitute of my colleague with the amendments proposed by Mr. Hogeboom. But the substitute is good enough without. We have long ago repealed the Fugitive Slave law in Herkimer. We have repealed it in the Senate and Assembly of the People's hearts; and we defy the United States Government, with its whole army, to reclaim a slave in old Herkimer. If this is treason, make the most of it. I don't fear Revolution. This country was born in the midst of Revolution. It is not so bad an institution.

Mr. B. OWEN hoped the original bill would be adhered to for reasons which he gave.

Mr. POMEROY only desired to aid in placing upon the statute book the settled opinions of the people. A new issue has arisen in this Dred Scott decision, and this bill is to meet this new issue. When it shall pass, it will rest upon the hearts of the whole body of the people, and be sustained by them. He alluded to the question of citizenship, and maintained that no exterior power could decide who should be a citizen of this State. The decision in question did not decide to the contrary. The Court had no power to decide upon the question of citizenship, because it had, by its own showing, no jurisdiction in the case before it. He gave his views of the pending bill at length, and supported it as superior to any of the propositions pending.

Mr. HOGEBOOM desired to be emphatic but discreet. He would use the pungent language of the Constitution of this State and of the Union in regard to citizenship, and the rights which that relation secures. He proposed an amendment to the pending substitute, in the language which he preferred, which was adopted.

Mr. MULLIGAN denounced the whole thing as out of place, improper and treasonable.

Messrs. KIVLEN and ALLEN also spoke to the same effect.

Several other propositions were made to amend, but no question was taken, when the Committee reported progress.

In the House, Mr. FOOT moved to order the Personal Freedom bill to a third reading.

Mr. JONES renewed his motions made in Committee of the Whole, and they were voted down—28 to 57.

Mr. IRVING denounced the whole proceeding as improper and treasonable.

Mr. VARNUM would be willing to sustain the bill as it stood, with a few slight verbal changes.

The bill, as published above, was then ordered to a third reading.

Friday, April 17.

Mr. VARNUM moved to recommit the Personal Liberty bill to embody the amendments offered by the gentlemen from Columbia (Mr. Hogeboom) and from Herkimer (Mr. Wooster).

Mr. B. OWEN moved the previous question. Lost.

The SPEAKER hoped, in deference to the views of many members, the House would allow the vote to be taken distinctly on the proposition of the gentleman from Herkimer (Mr. Wooster). There were those who wished to record their votes against slavery in every form and shape. This opportunity should be given.

The vote was then stated to be on the motion to recommit with instructions to substitute Mr. Wooster's substitute, as embodied in the last evening's proceedings, with the addition of the amendment, offered by Mr. Harpending, adding the words "without due process of law."

Mr. WOOSTER wished the vote on his proposition, without the addition.

The SPEAKER so wished also. He asked this privilege for himself as a favour.

Mr. B. OWEN was opposed to this proposition because, if the motion was affirmed, the whole thing would be lost. His advice was to hold to the original bill—to do more would be fatal. It would press the Republican party into abolitionism.

Mr. JONES insisted that the first proposition to be voted upon was the proposition of the gentleman from Herkimer.

Mr. LEAVENWORTH would be willing to have the vote taken as proposed, if it could be done without debate. But, if it could not be, then he should immediately move the previous question.

The vote was then taken (without Mr. Harpending's addition), and the proposition was lost—42 to 25.

The question was then on the bill reported by the Joint Committee, and as passed by the Committee of the Whole last evening. The bill was then PASSED—72 to 38—as follows:

YEAS—Messrs. Abbott, Adams, Ames, Atwater, J. S. Baker, Baldwin, Barbydt, Beckwith, Bell, Berry, Boise, Brooks, Cady, Cameron, Clapp, Clark, Cox, Davis, Dickinson, Foot, George, Gould, Granger, Hastings, Harpending, Hogeboom, Hollis, Halsted, Hutchinson, Hyde, Ingraham, Irving, B. R. Johnson, Ketcham, King, Lacey, Leavenworth, Lewis, Loveland, Luckey, McPherson, Meade, S. J. Mott, B. Owen, J. J Owen, Paul, Peacock, Peck, Perry, Pomeroy, Prendergast, Puffer, Rawson, Rees, Richmond, Rhoades, Sherman, S. Smith, W. K. Smith, Somerville, Speaker, Spencer, Squire, Staples, Tallage, Thatcher, Tifft, I. Townsend, Van Allen, Van Valkenburgh, Wakeman, Wooster—72.

NAYS—Messrs. Allen, Bouck, Bradford, Campbell, Carpenter, Chartock, Clinton, Crowe, J. R. Dickson, J. D. Dixon, Evers, Funk, Glover, Grant, Hanford, Jones, Kimmey, Kivlen, McFarland, Mahen, Merserau, Miller, Mooney, Mulligan, John J. Reilly, Roberts, Roe, Rose, Scott, Sluyter, Stickney, Sutherland, Thompson, F. Townsend, Varnum, Westervelt, Whiting, Woods—38.

Mr. ABBOTT, being called, asked to be excused from voting, and said: Mr. Speaker I very much regret the necessity of being compelled to ask to be excused from voting upon a question of this kind; but, sir, this bill, in its present form, comes very far short of what I think a bill securing freedom to all the citizens of this State should come. I deny the right of any man to hold slaves in this State, under any pretence whatever, and I would be exceedingly well pleased to see this Legislature pass a law that would effectually put a stop to the execution of any Fugitive Slave bill. Sir, I deny the right or authority of Congress to pass any bill for the rendition of fugitives from slavery, and, therefore, deny the right or the duty of any person to execute or attempt to execute it in this State. Mr. Speaker, having expressed my views upon this bill, I withdraw my request to be excused, and vote in the affirmative.

Mr. HUTCHINSON did not recognise the United States Constitution as recognising slavery, and did not recognise the right of any man to hold a slave. He should, however, vote for the bill.

Mr. RAWSON, on his name being called, said he was in favour of some such bill as this; but this bill was far short of what he thought such a bill should be. He, however, would vote for the law.

Correspondence of The Evening Post.

ALBANY, April 17.

Yesterday the Personal Liberty bill was taken up in the Assembly, and a very remarkable discussion followed—remarkable for the efforts of some gentlemen to dodge its responsibility to their constituents and the bold and manly tone of others. A substitute was offered by Mr. Wooster, of Herkimer, containing only two sections, to the effect that any person being in this State shall be free, and any person holding or attempting to hold a man as a slave in this State shall be guilty of a felony, punishable, on conviction, by imprisonment for a term of not more than ten nor less than two years. Another was offered by Mr. Harpending, intending to evade collision with the Fugitive Slave law, and an amendment to the original bill by Judge Hogeboom for the same purpose. Since both were rejected by the House, it is scarcely worth while to discuss the consistency of these amendments. It must be seen by every one, however, that a law which says first that every person within the State is free, and after declares that certain persons may be taken from it as slaves, consents to the *enslavement* of a man once *free* by force of the law itself.

Near the close of the discussion, Mr. Littlejohn took the floor, in a speech of unequalled power and earnestness. The transition from whiffling apologies for doing the right thing to an open, manly avowal of eternal hostility to all oppression came like a thunderbolt to the mere politicians. Mr. L. said that, for one, he held that no power under Heaven could make a man a slave, and he would never consent to speak of that abominable institution except as a *fact*, hateful to God and humanity, and that no law nor judgment should compel him to recognise it as a right. He said some gentlemen paraded the bugbear "Revolution" before the people: "Revolution!" answered he; "I love the word. Interpenetrating it and wrapped up in it is the word 'Liberty'; out of its fruitful soil has sprung all the freedom that the world enjoys. We ought not to fear it; it gave us all we now possess of liberty. But he was not to be understood as contemplating any revolution by arms—he spoke of a revolution in public opinion which has already begun—a bloodless revolution, going on only in the hearts and consciences of the people." This speech sent a thrill through the House.

[The bill thus passed by the Assembly was lost in the Senate, that body, in the closing hours of the session, refusing to consider it. Shame!]

WISCONSIN IN CONFLICT WITH THE UNITED STATES.

[The following article presents a clear statement of the facts referred to in the brief telegraphic despatch from Milwaukee, published in THE STANDARD last week.]

From The Milwaukee Free Democrat, April 10.

RESISTING THE LAWS.

SLAVERY being a state of war against mankind, and existing only by trampling upon human rights and violating the Constitution and laws ordained to protect those rights, it is not to be expected that slaveholders and slave-catchers, and those who seek to uphold and enforce the practice of kidnapping in this State, would regard its Constitution and laws. And we are not surprised to find that this is the character of those seeking to enforce the Fugitive Slave Act in this city.

Last Saturday, the U. S. Marshal and his deputy seized upon 1 printing press, 1 standing press 39 cases, 900 lbs. brevier, nonpareil and display type, 21 fonts of wood type, 5 chases, 14 bundles of cap paper, 43 bundles of letter paper, 1 lot of coloured paper, and 148 reams of printing paper, to satisfy the impudent claim of the slave-catcher Garland, who had already taken $3,000 worth of our property for the same purpose. On Monday evening we replevined the property and the Sheriff took possession of it, and served notice of that fact upon both the Marshal and his deputy. Had the U. S. officers been willing to respect the laws of this State, and leave the question to be decided by the legal tribunals, they would have rested their case on the issue of the suit begun by us in the Circuit Court. But not they. They must illustrate the lawless character of the Act whose tools and servants they consent to be. And so, last evening—the three days during which the property, by the new code, remains in possession of the Sheriff, being about to expire—the Marshal being sick, sent his deputies, Cogswell and Kearney, the man who was so notorious at Racine, to forcibly remove the goods from our premises. Mr. Armstrong, our pressman, who had been deputized by the Sheriff to keep the goods for him, informed the deputies that they were, by the laws of the State, in his possession, and that they could not remove them. Cogswell went back to the U. S. Court-room, while Kearney sat down on one bundle of paper and Armstrong on another, waiting for the appearance of the Sheriff—who had been sent for—and Cogswell.

We were taking a siesta at home, when word was brought us that the Marshal was about to remove by force the property we had replevined, despite the laws and authorities of this State, and, being anxious to see *how* it would be done, we repaired at once to the place. Sheriff Page and Under Sheriff Wasson, and Deputy Cogswell, made their appearance as soon as notified, and, after a brief conference, Deputy Marshal Kearney produced the old writ, and said if neither we nor the Sheriff would give a receipter for the goods, he must proceed to remove them. Accordingly he went into the paper-room—followed by the Sheriff and company—and seized a bundle of paper and made for the door. The Sheriff stopped him very good-naturedly, and told him he could not permit such liberties with his property. Kearney pulled the bundle to the stairs, and then Page pulled it and Kearney back again. After a little play of this kind, Kearney let go and took hold of a case of type, when the Sheriff stopped that proceeding. Kearney then took another bundle of paper, and, after being pulled back gently several times, Sheriff Page told him there was no use in fooling any longer, and jerked the bundle and Kearney back in double quick time, when Kearney remarked that he supposed that was enough, and Cogswell advised him to desist—as it was evident the *hustling* time had come—and invited Page to go with him and *liquor*. We *rather* think Sheriff Page does not hob-a-nob at the saloons with slave-catchers or their *pimps*.

The Sheriff then deputized all present—including the editors, printers and devil—to keep possession of the goods, and authorized them to resist their removal by all the power at their command. This did not seem to please Kearney, who remarked that the Sheriff had included in the list the man—our assistant, Mr. Myers—who had told the deputy that if he was in Mr. Booth's place, he would keep possession of his property, and if the Marshal and his deputies undertook to remove it by force, he would blow their brains out with a revolver, and trust to the laws of the State for his defence.

This morning the Sheriff put us again in formal possession of our property.

These proceedings show that there is no avoiding a collision between the authorities of the State and the officers of the United States. The people must make up their minds to stand by the sovereignty and laws of the State and the rights of every citizen, or submit to have the slave-catchers and their agents put their feet on their necks and treat them as abject slaves. The U. S. officials, from deputy Cogswell *down* to Judge Miller, scout the authorities and laws of this State, when they interfere with the sacred business of kidnapping. Judge Miller held in the Garland case that as long as a slave-catcher had in his pocket an unexecuted warrant from his Court for slave-catching, he might knock down, maim and kill with impunity all who interfered with or in any manner impeded him in his slave-catching work, and no State process could reach him and no State officer arrest him for such maiming or killing. A monstrous doctrine, which even the slaveholding Judges of a slaveholding State would not dare to assert! The officers of the United States are not content with the ordinary administration of the laws, but make haste to defy and insult the laws and sovereignty of the State. Thus boldly are the liberties of the people assailed by the Federal officers, who have undertaken the same task which the tools of George the Fourth attempted at the dawn of the Revolution. A despotism is sought to be established by them in the free States, as much worse than that the Revolutionary sires perilled their lives and lavished their treasure and blood to overthrow as personal slavery is worse than irresponsible taxation. This despotism must be resisted and overthrown, and the men who abet it must be held up to public reprobation, as the enemies of the State and traitors to human liberty. And the Marshal and officers, who consent to eat their bread and earn their livelihood by doing the dirty work of the slave-catchers, must be placed in the same category, and receive their full share of public scorn and contempt. If money can buy such services, they should be made to feel that thirty pieces of silver are a poor recompense for the kiss of Judas, and that the plea, if they did not betray the liberties of the people, others would be base enough to do it, if it passes current among kidnappers, cannot be received among honest men.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1857.

TWENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

THE Twenty-fourth Annual Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society will commence in the CITY ASSEMBLY ROOMS (No. 446 Broadway, between Howard and Grand streets), in the City of New York, on TUESDAY, May 12th, at 10 o'clock, a. m. WM. LLOYD GARRISON, T. W. HIGGINSON, PARKER PILLSBURY and WENDELL PHILLIPS are expected to speak at the first session. A collection in aid of the cause will be taken.

The Society will meet at the same place on TUESDAY EVENING, at 7 1-2 o'clock, admittance 10 cents, and again on WEDNESDAY, at 10 a. m. and 3 p. m., admittance free. The arrangements for public speaking at these sessions are not yet completed, but among those who have been invited to speak are Rev. G. B. CHEEVER, Rev. I. R. W. SLOANE, Rev. W. H. FURNESS, Rev. THEODORE PARKER, WENDELL PHILLIPS, LUCY STONE, Rev. O. B. FROTHINGHAM, ROBERT PURVIS, and C. L. REMOND.

It is much to be desired that the friends of the Society should come together, in large numbers, from all parts of the country, to confer together upon the great interests of the cause at this eventful period.

We reiterate our former declaration, that the object of the Society is not *merely* to make "Liberty national and Slavery sectional"—nor to prevent the acquisition of Cuba—nor to restore the Missouri Compromise—nor to repeal the Fugitive Slave bill—nor to make Kansas a free State—nor to resist the admission of any new slave State into the Union—nor to terminate slavery in the District of Columbia and in the National Territories—but it is, primarily, comprehensively, and uncompromisingly, to effect the immediate, total and eternal overthrow of Slavery, wherever it exists on American soil, and to expose and confront whatever party or sect seeks to purchase peace or success at the expense of human liberty. Living or dying, our motto is "NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS, RELIGIOUSLY OR POLITICALLY!"

In behalf of the Executive Committee,

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, President.

S. H. GAY, WENDELL PHILLIPS, } Secretaries.

A WITNESS FOR THE TRUTH.

THE following extract of a private letter from a Presbyterian clergyman in Western Pennsylvania, whose soundness in the evangelical faith is unimpeached and unimpeachable, is so encouraging to us that we cannot resist the temptation to lay it before our readers. The writer illustrates very clearly the doctrine of Christ which the Abolitionists have so long and so earnestly vindicated, viz.: "The tree is known by its fruit." Unlike most of his clerical brethren, he is willing to stand side by side in the anti-slavery conflict with those whose creeds differ never so widely from his own; while he despises the meanness of those who seek to divert attention from their own guilty complicity with slavery by lying charges of "infidelity" against those who rebuke them for their "cant and whine" and their want of sympathy for the oppressed. With the spirit exhibited by this faithful clergyman, who long since separated himself from a pro-slavery Church without changing his creed, our own is in close affinity, in spite of all differences of opinion upon minor points.

"I am pleased to see that Judge Jay is showing up the spurious piety of the South. Depend upon it, my dear sir, that the Devil's master-piece is the bringing Evangelical Religion on to the side of slavery. There are few en among us who can rid themselves of old prejudice enough to believe what Christ has said, 'The tree is known by its fruit.' If a man talks piously, and especially if he have the holy whine, it seems to sanction and sanctify everything he does. Thus we endorse the Christian character of the South. Next we will have an order of saints called 'holy' *thieves*, 'devout and praying' *pirates*, 'pious' *garoters*, 'religious' *gamblers* and *whoremongers*. It requires more courage and faithfulness than most men have to lay aside the cant and whine of the Hunker Church and say boldly, with Christ, that it is all hypocrisy. The influence of you Garrisonians is not so much in undeceiving the people, for you cannot get at them. But Judge Jay will be listened to.

"I have the idea that all persons whose *lives* are *Christ-like* are in some way or other connected with Him. Believing as I do that man is a fallen being and naturally indisposed to good, if I see self-sacrificing beneficence and love of the just and the true in any one, such as Jesus of Nazareth manifested, it seems to me that, although he may profess to be a Socinian, there is yet an underground, invisible connection with Christ, from whom he derives this spirit. For good fruit will not grow on a bad tree; and if a man's life is *honest* and without hypocrisy and a cloak *beneficent*, and like the great Model Man Christ Jesus, he must draw his spirit from that prolific source. If, on the contrary, a man whose life is one of violence and oppression offers himself as a Christian because of his creed and his long face and holy whine, Christ bids us to reject him instantly. Such opinions I am labouring to enforce by my pulpit efforts.

"I was very much struck with the remark of one of the speakers at the Faneuil Hall Festival, that 'the cause of Anti-Slavery owed us nothing, but we owed it everything.' What a teacher of new ideas it has been to thousands! The principles that underlie the doctrine of human rights are far better understood now than they ever were before; and although, by the decision of the Supreme Court, the darkness of Egypt is again upon us, we shall overcome at the last.

"I have acted with the other branch of the anti-slavery host from the one with which you act. I have no objection to dissolution. But the same public sentiment which would dissolve the Union would also destroy slavery; so that when the pinch comes, as come it will, the question will be one of *expediency*—Shall we, now that we have the power in our hands, dissolve the Union and set up a new government, or shall we knock the brains out of the monster which has given us so much trouble, and remain united? Therefore I bid you God-speed, and would take pleasure in attending your meetings.

"We shall soon see and learn the *animus* of the American Tract Society in the matter of Whipple's premium tract. What a battle we have to fight! What enemies to the cause of righteousness! And only think! they claim to be exclusively *devout Christians*. I have often to exclaim of Religion what Madame Roland did of Liberty—O, Christianity! what crimes have been perpetrated in thy name!

"I have lately become a subscriber to THE STANDARD, and regard it as a model paper. I feel greatly indebted to him who wrote the review of the Rev. Mr. Patton's book on 'Slavery and Infidelity.'"

MEXICO—MORE ANNEXATION.—That the Administration is at this moment concocting a scheme for the further dismemberment of Mexico and the annexation to the Union of a large portion of the territory of that distracted country, there is no room to doubt. Lower California, Sonora and the Isthmus of Tehuantepec are the "vineyards" coveted by the slaveholding Ahabs who govern this country, and there is every prospect that, unless the silly North can be speedily roused from her supineness and induced to rend asunder the chains by which she has been so long bound in inglorious captivity, they will get all that they want. It is not proposed to wrest these territories from our weak neighbours by war, but by a cunning diplomacy. Mexico is poor, very poor, her revenue being inadequate to the support of government. The crafty slaveholders, seeing this, are trumping up an enormous batch of claims upon her treasury for damages alleged to have been sustained in consequence of the non-fulfilment of some old treaty, which was itself, in all probability, a gigantic swindle. Claims to the amount of $6,000,000 are said to be on file in the State Department. The Administration, therefore, proposes to crowd Mexico for a settlement, believing that her rulers, if duly menaced, will consent to almost any terms that may be proposed by a crafty and unscrupulous diplomatist. The slaveholders mean to follow up the advantage gained in the Dred Scott decision, and, feeling sure that no measure of slavery restriction can be carried in the next Congress, they intend to consummate this scheme of annexation before the North has time to rally, and thus secure an immense domain from which to carve new slave States in time to come. And yet, with this gigantic scheme of the Slave Oligarchy opened before them, with every prospect of speedy consummation, the Republicans are engaged in glorifying the Union and amusing themselves with the dream that deliverance is to be sought, not in breaking their chains, but in hugging them tighter in proportion as they become more galling!

NEW YORK METHODISTS ON SLAVERY.

THE Eastern New York Methodist Conference has been holding its annual session, during the past week, in Brooklyn. A great change of policy, if not of principle, has evidently taken place in this body since the time when every young man offering himself for membership was asked, "Are you an Abolitionist?" and refused ordination if he did not answer in the negative; while those ministers who had dared to take any part in the anti-slavery movement were required to purge themselves of the offence and promise "wholly to refrain" from the "mischievous agitation" in time to come. So searching was the inquisition that no man who had subscribed, much less written, for an anti-slavery newspaper might hope to escape unscathed. In those days the *Christian Advocate and Journal* (then more than now the organ of the Church) fulminated the fiercest denunciations against Abolitionists, while it eulogized as pattern saints the shameless defenders and apologists of slavery. After this came a period of *dead silence*, the subject of slavery being wholly ignored, and the Bishops exerting all their official influence and authority to suppress the slightest manifestation of sympathy for the oppressed. At length, however, the tide begins to turn, and the anti-slavery sentiment, not yet thoroughly informed, is powerful enough to make itself heard over all opposition. It is seen to be for the interest of the Church in these times to denounce not anti-slavery, but slavery, to propitiate the friends of freedom rather than those of bondage.

The subject, it appears, was referred to a Committee, a majority of whom reported the following resolutions:

Resolved, That we regard slavery as a great moral and social evil, a violation of the natural rights of man, and opposed to the spirit and progress of the Christian religion.

Resolved, That we will use what influence we possess to prevent its extension into regions and communities in which it does not at present exist, and will use all means that may with propriety be used by Christian ministers to effect its extirpation from the world.

This is all very well as far as it goes, but why did the Committee say not one word of slavery as connected with the Methodist Church? The true answer to this question, to one who knows anything of the history of that Church, is not difficult, though it is by no means creditable to the Committee or the Conference. To denounce the system in general terms required less courage than to remain silent, while any mention of the wickedness of slavery as it exists in the Church, and, above all, any avowal of a purpose to cast out the abomination, would have raised such a storm as never fails to strike terror to sectarian leaders.

Tame as these resolutions are, compared with the burning words of Wesley, they were too strong for the conservative portion of the Conference. A minority of the Committee presented the following:

Resolved, That we regard slavery as a great evil, threatening the peace and prosperity of this Republic, the permanence of the Union, and the stability of the Government.

Resolved, That the Methodist Episcopal Church has been, from its commencement, anti-slavery in spirit, both by precept and example.

Resolved, That the action had by the late General Conference of our Church on the question of slavery furnishes us with cause for gratitude and thanksgiving to God for favourable results to the Church, giving her peace and prosperity in all her labours.

Resolved, That, while we are opposed to slavery, and have no sympathy with the institution, at the same time we are equally opposed to the radical measures and reckless policy pursued by many of the professed friends of the slave for his emancipation, and that we have no sympathy whatever with their revolutionary movements.

Resolved, That, as ministers of the Gospel, we will do what we can, *not inconsistent with our calling*, for the extirpation of the great evil of slavery; and that while we endeavour "to break every yoke and let the oppressed go free," we will pray for the master and slave, as well as for kings and all that are in authority, that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty.

The difference between the two sets of resolutions is very important. Those of the majority, though feeble in their language, do yet pronounce slavery to be "a great *moral evil*"—A SIN; while those of the minority only declare it to be "a great evil." The former say nothing of slavery in the Methodist Church, while the latter falsely affirm that that Church, with thousands of slaveholders in its pale (see first page), is, "both by precept and example," anti-slavery! The latter also endorse the action of the late General Conference in its refusal to make a rule excluding slaveholders from the Church, and denounce Abolitionists more severely than they do slavery itself.

The debate was very exciting. The Rev. Mr. HATFIELD spoke strongly in

for all Christian Young Men, irrespective of Caste, Class, Race, or Colour.

In voluntarily excluding ourselves from the benefits of Confederation, which none more highly appreciate, we are actuated solely by conscientious motives of duty. The love of Christ, which implies the love of our fellow-men, constraineth us.

In foreign missionary fields we rejoice to extend the right hand of Christian fellowship to the converted Brahmin and the Hindoo—to the Hottentot and the benighted *Negro of Africa;* and when these are transplanted to a land of Christian enlightenment, shall we deny them the privileges we accord to them abroad! No, rather far deny ourselves the benefits of the Confederation than, by identifying ourselves with it, sacrifice our feelings of sacred duty as to exclude those whom Jesus loves, of whatever race or colour, from full fellowship and communion with us.

In conclusion, such being our views and feelings on this subject of membership, it is our privilege and our duty to bring them to the notice of all sister Associations in the only way left open for us, and to urge upon them a prayerful consideration of *their* duty in this matter.

We cannot doubt that many of you entertain the same sentiments, and we earnestly hope and pray that you all may be brought to the same mind, even the mind of Jesus, our common Lord and Saviour.

A union of Young Men's Christian Associations, confederated together on the broad and comprehensive basis of the present Confederation, pledging themselves individually to carry out its principles, with no other qualifications than such as the Gospel requires, and without distinction of persons, is the devout desire of our hearts; and with all such Associations we stand ready to unite either in the present or in a new Confederation, if such be needful.

To your own consciences, under the guidance of the Divine Spirit, we commend this matter, hoping and confidently believing that the result will redound to the glory of God, to the success of Associations, and the salvation of souls.

With renewed assurances of warmest Christian love and unabated interest in your spiritual prosperity,

We remain your brethren in Christ,

F. E. GRAFTON, T. JAMES CLAXTON,
JAMES BAYLIS, P. W. WOOD,
WILLIAM DICKSON, GEORGE S. BRUSH,
On behalf of Montreal Young Men's Christian Association.

NORTHERN DEGRADATION.

In the Milwaukee *Free Democrat* we find a letter to Mr. Booth, the editor, from the Rev. W. H. Brisbane, formerly a slaveholder in South Carolina and afterwards for many years a resident of Cincinnati, where he was very active in the anti-slavery cause. He is now, it seems, Clerk of the Senate of Wisconsin. He writes to Mr. Booth to sympathise with him in the persecution he is now suffering at the hands of the National Government. He says:

"It seems to me it would have been more to the honour of the Republicans in the Legislature to have sacrificed all their political hopes by causing the State to assume this burden, at whatever pecuniary cost, than thus suffer the ignominy of having *one* of her citizens, no matter who he may be, to be sacrificed to the insatiate malignity of that usurping power which tramples in the dust the escutcheon of the sovereign State, and rides rough-shod over constitutions and everything else, to extend and to perpetuate the accursed and the accursing system of human chattelism. Oh, when are the people going to be aroused to a full sense of the degraded condition of the so-called free States, under the tyrannical rule of the Lords of the Lash? How is it that any Wisconsinian can endure the idea for a moment that the citizens of his State are, on the statute book, slave-catchers for any mean Southern task-master who might send a U. S. Marshal to order them on the chase? I am a native Carolinian, and, however I hate her system of human bondage, that fastens with stronger fetters than those of iron her proudest citizens as well as her humblest slaves, I am proud that I can pledge my word for her that she would never so sink her State sovereignty as to allow a master, even from the State of Georgia, to have the Fugitive Slave enactment of the Federal Government to be executed within her borders. No, never! When Barnwell Rhett, of South Carolina, in the United States Senate, denounced that enactment as unconstitutional and a blow at State sovereignty, he indicated what would be the action of South Carolina should any such enactment as that ever be made practically applicable within her limits. If the Georgia master gets his runaway from South Carolina, it will be because *her own laws* allow it, and not because of the Federal enactment of 1850. And yet, Northern States—aye, and even the State of Wisconsin—will allow the slaveholder's crouching minion to seize the property of our fellow-citizens, to feed the rapacious maw of the infernal monster, and not furnish him the means to maintain his rights against the usurping authority.

"But, my friend, you stand in a proud attitude. The honour of self-sacrifice in such a cause is worth more than gold. What if you should be made poor? What if you should have to go to prison? What if you die there? Your suffering, your poverty, your imprisonment, your death, may be necessary for the salvation of your State. Then let it be.

"But God grant that our next Wisconsin Legislature may, for the honour of the State, acknowledge its indebtedness and foot the account."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PRIESTHOOD AND CLERGY UNKNOWN TO CHRISTIANITY; or, the Church a Community of Co-equal Brethren. A Canto. By CAMPAGINATOR. Philadelphia: J. P. Lippincott & Co. Pp. 168.

THIS work, whose aim is so distinctly proclaimed in its title, is evidently that of a scholar and theologian thoroughly familiar with ecclesiastical history, and sympathizing very deeply with the desire so extensively felt for the divorce of Christianity from those abuses which tend to impair its vitality and diminish its influence. He has presented in a compact and easily accessible form facts of the gravest importance, too often slurred over by sectarian tricksters, and which throw a flood of light upon many mooted points. It is not, however, the work of an irreverent iconoclast, but of an earnest believer in the divine origin of Christianity. While he repudiates a "Priesthood and Clergy" as a distinct class or caste, he admits "a Divine Priesthood in Christ—a Spiritual Priesthood as pertaining to all his true people." In his preface he says: "We have had it simply in view to bring together and to weave together, from whatever quarter would yield it, a mass of testimony to the nullity of the distinction between Clergy and Laity. This distinction we regard as of baneful effect upon the interior life of the Church." The work will be useful to the Christian student of whatever faith, and especially welcome to those who hold the opinions which it supports with so much force of logic and such an array of eminent authorities.

RIGHT OF SUFFRAGE FOR WOMEN.—We are indebted to a friend for a pamphlet copy of the able "Report of the Select Committee of the Ohio Senate, on giving the Right of Suffrage to Females." The Report is understood to be from the pen of the clear-headed Senator from Columbiana, J. D. Cattell, Esq., and it certainly does credit alike to his literary ability and his sagacity and Independence as a legislator.

TIFFANY'S MONTHLY for April (a magazine "devoted to the investigation of the science of mind in the natural and spiritual plane") contains the following articles: Religious Exercises Philosophical; Spirits and Birds, by Mrs. C. M. Sawyer; Angels as Mediums of Inspiration; Fidelity; Dull Watchers; Dr. Gordon's Argument; Infidelity; Resignation, by H. W. Longfellow; Art, by L. M. Whitcomb.

PERSONAL.

REV. ANTOINETTE L. BROWN BLACKWELL and her husband have taken up their residence in Newark, N. J.

LUCY STONE and her husband, H. B. Blackwell, have purchased a cottage in Orange, N. J., where they are now living.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON has accepted an invitation to attend the Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends, at Longwood, Pa., on the 17th of May next.

REV. SAMUEL J. MAY, having concluded to attend the Western Unitarian Conference, to be held some time in the next month, at Alton, Ill., will not, probably, be present at the annual meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society. His absence will be generally regretted.

REV. THEODORE PARKER, though convalescent, is still quite feeble. There is little prospect, we understand, that he will be able to take part in the proceedings of the American Anti-Slavery Society at its approaching anniversary. This will be bad news for the multitude who throng our meetings.

MRS. STOWE is said to have had, recently, a long interview with the Pope, in which she was treated with great distinction by His Holiness. We may fairly presume that she did not neglect to urge the claims of the anti-slavery cause upon the attention of one whose power to serve it is so great.

PROGRESS OF FREE OPINION IN THE SLAVE STATES.—The St. Louis *Evening News*, in speaking of the address of the Mayor and the response of the President of the Board of Aldermen at the inauguration of a Free Soil municipal government in St. Louis, says:

"That Mayor Wimer, an avowed Emancipationist, should deliver a panegyric on 'free labour,' the 'dignity of white labour,' the 'toiling masses who uphold the framework of society,' &c., &c., &c., is nothing more than was to have been expected; but that the President of the Board of Aldermen, George R. Taylor, Esq., a Virginian by birth, in manner and habits, and the toughest kind of a National Democrat, should deliberately, in cold blood, and with malice prepense, echo the hyperborean utterances of the Mayor, is a most surprising circumstance.

"Mr. Taylor is a Southern gentleman, an eminent citizen, and a man of wealth—facts which, it was supposed, clinched him to anti-Bentonism forever. Judge of the astonishment and anguish of his old friends, then, at seeing him give a hearty response to the sentiments of the Mayor, and declare that Kansas will be a free State, that Missouri is bound to follow, as her climate and economy are not adapted to slave labour!"

STATE SOVEREIGNTY IN OHIO.

The Legislature of Ohio odjourned *sine die* on Saturday last. Among the laws enacted was the following:

An act to prohibit the confinement of Fugitives from Slavery in the Jails of Ohio.

SEC. 1. That it shall be unlawful to confine in prison, or detain in the Penitentiary of this State, or in the jails of any County in this State, or in a calaboose, lock-up, guard-house, or station, in this State, any person or persons, charged with simply being a fugitive from slavery.

SEC. 2. Any officer or person who shall violate the provisions of the preceding section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and, upon conviction thereof, by indictment found by the Grand Jury of the proper County, shall be imprisoned in the jail of the County, not less than twenty nor more than ninety days, and be fined in any sum not exceeding five hundred dollars.

This act, if strictly enforced, will greatly embarrass the operations of the slave-hunters in Ohio. If we do not mistake the meaning of a telegraphic dispatch now before us, another act was passed, or a provision added to that above quoted, making it a penitentiary offence to claim or hold slaves in Ohio, or to undertake to carry away from the State as a slave any person of colour. Resolutions were also adopted declaring it to be a duty to use all power consistent with the national compact to prevent the increase, to mitigate and finally eradicate Slavery; and that the Ordinance of 1787, as far as it concerns slavery, should be extended to all the Territories of the United States. The Senators and Representatives in Congress from Ohio were requested to vote against the admission of any State unless slavery is excluded by its Constitution. We shall publish these resolutions as soon as we can obtain an authentic copy.

Ohio, it will be seen, has thus taken ground far in advance of that occupied by the State of New York, both being under Republican rule.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CCVIII.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent on Fast Day—Of the Ministers and the Proclamation—He praiseth Dr. Adams—And blameth the Rev. Wendell Phillips—Why he did not go to hear him—He describeth the Affair of Concord—Where it came off—Who went up with him—He censureth the choice of a President—Of the speeches of Mr. Phillips, Mr. Garrison and Mr. Emerson—His opinion of Sandwiches—He agreeth with the New York Observer—And lamenteth the degeneracy of the times—He speaketh well of Concord hospitalities—And of those which he enjoyed—And with whom—He commendeth good hours and quoteth Sir. Toby Belch—He justifieth himself and is modest in his expectations—He telleth of the prospect in Judge Loring's case—He instructeth the Respectable Daily as to the Natural History of the Abolitionists—He speaketh evil of Dignities, contingently, and concludeth, &c., &c.

BOSTON, April 20, 1857.

OUR Fasting and Humiliation is over—the Fasting, at any rate. It is much easier to break our fast than to emerge from the state of Humiliation in which we are naturally plunged, and kept with our heads under water, by our rulers in the National and State lines. The ministers, I am glad to say, generally broke loose from the bounds prescribed to their usual license by His Excellency and roamed and curvetted at will in the ample domain of public and national sins. The Sunday before many of them refused to read his proclamation at all, and most of those that did omitted the passage instructing them in the line of their duty. This was rather a medium course, which should have commended itself to Compromise ministers rather than to those who do not accept that Evangel. However, it was not a matter of much consequence. There was at least one sound divine who not only read the whole proclamation, but governed his prelections by its suggestions—I refer to the Rev. Dr. Nehemiah Adams. It must have been rather a grief to him to miss so good an opportunity of enforcing the South side of Christianity, of which he hath made so particular a study. But his reverence for the Powers that Be was too strong for any mere human promptings. The Rev. Wendell Phillips, who supplied for the second time Mr. Theodore Parker's pulpit, read the proclamation of the Governor of Maine, instead of that which more especially pertained to our bailiwick. But one could not have expected anything better from a shepherd who had clambered so irregularly over the walls of the fold, even if he were *boosted* up by the proper pastor. I did not attend either of his ministrations, as I could see no reason why he should be invited to expound the word any more than other persons, who shall be nameless, but who, I cannot doubt, would have held forth to at least equal edification. It is proper to say, however, that he drew largely, and that the house was entirely full on both occasions. As he was called to another field of labour on Fast Day, there were no services in the Music Hall, Mr. Parker not being well enough to officiate himself. It is the hope of his friends that that heresiarch will allow himself a season of entire rest, as the proper penalty and the only remedy for overworking his brain for a long time.

Let me see, what have we been doing since I wrote last? O, yes, I remember! I went up one day since then to assist at a Tea Party, of an Anti-Slavery brand, at Concord. Besides myself, there were Mr. Garrison, Mr. Phillips, and your late Corresponding Editor, of whose company I am so fond that I seldom travel unless I can persuade him to accompany me. The Tea Party was held in the Town Hall, a large and handsome room, capable of accommodating a large number of guests. Tables were laid the whole length of the hall, and all the places seemed to be filled up. The entertainment was abundant and elegant, and was discussed with apparent satisfaction. The only improvement I could have suggested would have been in the selection of a presiding officer. Passing over many citizens, native and adopted, of the town, your late Corresponding Editor was invited to take the head of the table—a distinction to which, I must say, I do not read his title clear. I dare say he did his best, but truth compels me to declare that, in my opinion, he made a very poor hand of it. (I had written *fist*, but substitute hand as more elegant.) In fact, I flatter myself that I could have presided just as well as he. But, still, if the givers of the feast were satisfied, it is not for me to find fault.

At the proper time Mr. Phillips was called upon and made a speech which seemed to content his audience. Of course, it was of the common type of the discourses of these disorganizers, and was full of the usual flings at our Glorious Union, and at our wise, judicious and prudent ministers and churches. Mr. Garrison also made a speech in the same strain, which, I lament to say, seemed to find a response from the numerous and, apparently, respectable auditory. Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, who, all the world knows, lives at Concord, was dexterously sandwiched in by the chairman as a relish between these thick slices of treason and infidelity. He gave a variety to the flavour undoubtedly, but I am afraid that the substance of his contribution was not really of a more wholesome quality than theirs, and quite as likely to disagree with the body politic. I rather think the New York *Observer* was in the right when it included him with this class of persons in the list of lecturers whom Lyceum Committees would do well to avoid. It is a painful circumstance that the common people, on whose support these institutions depend, should insist on having such dangerous men as these as their lecturers, when they might be furnished with discourses by divines of unquestionable soundness of theological doctrine. I have actually known institutions of this kind utterly dissolved and abrogated, as these traitors would have done by our Glorious Union, simply by the attempt to remedy this crying evil. I am afraid it is now past cure. Mr. Robinson, one of the Editors of the *Telegraph*, concluded the evening with a speech of a more encouraging and heartening character than those that had occupied the chief of the time. The whole affair, with all the drawbacks I have hinted at, seemed to give great contentment to all concerned.

Whatever we may think of the opinions and conduct of the Concord people as to matters of a public character, it cannot well be denied that they possess the virtue of hospitality, as all of us who assisted on this occasion found to our heart's content. I was the fortunate guest of Mr. Emerson, together with Mr. Phillips and your late Corresponding Editor. A distinguished lady, who has recently occupied much attention in your city and whose genius has caused her to be saluted as one of the goodly company of the poets, was one of the party, and shared with us the charming hospitalities of our philosophic host. I cannot, after the manner of too many Correspondents, remove the roof of that elegant home and tell you all about it and all about what was said and done there, although it would probably give me the best chance I could hit on for being read in the good time coming. It is enough to say that, however it may be at other times, at this particular one it was true, as the poet Lowell says, that "Concord was not dumb"; and, further, that we not merely had "Words for the Hour," but words for a good many consecutive hours. Of course we kept early hours. Sir Toby Belch would have vouched for us that we went to bed betimes, if he had been cognizant of all the facts. And I hope you will not censure us as lacking diligence in business if we consented for once to leave our important affairs to take care of themselves the next day, and to stay until a train which came by a good deal past noon. For my own part, I considered that if it were a virtue in me that I came up to that meeting, it was one of the kind that is its own reward, and so I determined to demand no recompense for it hereafter.

I see that the Respectable Daily says, this morning, that the Committee to which the petitions for the Removal of Judge Loring have been referred is going to report leave to the petitioners to withdraw. Never mind. The time will come when the Report will be that the Judge have leave to withdraw. My respectable authority rejoices in this result and considers it as the final settlement of the question. O, blind guide! Have we Abolitionists been so long time with thee, O respectable diurnal, and hast thou not known us? Has thou not discovered that if there is any created thing, besides the toothache, which will *hang on*, it is the Abolitionists? We shall not give it up so, and the Daily may make up its deliberate mind on that point. Our only weakness is that we are so full of our multifold concerns in the cause that we often delay action in such cases as this longer than we should do. We think we shall get up earlier the next session. That is, if the Committee do so report and the Legislature accept it. For it does not absolutely follow that the Whole may not be better than the Part, as well as bigger, and may refuse to stultify itself and its constituency in this absurd manner. For, you will remember, we do not ask the Legislature to remove Judge Loring for his part in the Kidnapping of Burns, but for disobeying a Statute of the Commonwealth, forbidding him to hold his office under the State and his Commissionership under the United States. It is a simple question of obedience to their own laws, and not of compliance with our wishes. The Committee should report, if adversely to the prayer of the petitioners, not that they have leave to withdraw, but that the Great and General Court have leave to write themselves down asses. If they think the law a bad one, let them repeal it, and then we will see how many of them will be called upon to offer themselves up on the altar of their country again.

D. Y.

Summary.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE.—At the next commencement of this College, George W. Curtis, Esq., of New York, will deliver the oration, and John G. Saxe the poem.

A new umbrella has been manufactured in Connecticut, called the lending "umbrella." It is made of brown paper and willow twigs, intended exclusively to accommodate a friend.

PRENTICE'S LAST.—The *Southern Standard* says that "South Carolina is the very seat of moral and political chivalry." We can well imagine that if moral and political chivalry were *personified*, South Carolina would be its *seat*.—*Louisville Journal.*

The Springfield (Mass.) *Republican* of Saturday says that Mr. J. G. Shaw, one of the editors of the Democratic organ in that city, has retired, to engage in a new business. He has undertaken to act as manager of a company of coloured singers, slaves, who propose to sing for their freedom throughout the Northern States.

The Springfield *Republican* says, Hon. Rufus Choate was asked, the other day, what he thought of Judge Taney's opinion in the Dred Scott case. He replied, "My dear sir, I pay $7 50 per volume for the reports of the United States Supreme Court, and no power on earth can compel me to read them in the small type of the newspapers."

The oldest person present at the recent festival of the "Sons of Connecticut," at the Revere House, in Boston, was Joseph T. Buckingham, formerly of the New England *Galaxy*, and the Boston *Courier*. This veteran editor is seventy-eight years old. Mr. Buckingham has resided in or near Boston since February, 1800; the first day he arrived, he heard Fisher Ames pronounce a eulogy on George Washington, who died a few weeks before.

FATE OF GOV. SLADE'S SCHOOLMISTRESSES. — The society to provide female teachers for the West, of which ex-Governor Slade, of Vermont, is the head, reports that 452 teachers have been sent out—39 from Connecticut, 110 from Massachusetts, 115 from Vermont, 86 from New York. Of the 452 teachers sent out, 170 have returned, nearly all of them after teaching two years; 143 have married, twenty-four have died—nine of them after marriage.

MASSACHUSETTS DISUNIONISM. — The Boston correspondent of the Springfield *Republican* says:

"It is probable that an Anti-Slavery Convention will, before long, be called, not to choose a State Committee or to interfere directly with the movements of parties, but to do something towards concentrating the opinion of the State in favour of more radical and aggressive measures towards the Slave Power."

TUFT'S COLLEGE, the newly established institution of the Universalists near Boston, is, says the *Christian Freeman*, to be opened to female as well as male students. There is only a waiting to become able to put the system into operation. There are, at present, no conveniences for the accommodation of female students. Even the male students now there are greatly straightened in respect to boarding accommodations, and the like.

COLOURED CITIZENS. — We mentioned, last week, several instances of the recognition of coloured men as citizens of the United States in passports given them by Government officials. Our friend and fellow-citizen, Mr. J. H. Putnam, has shown us another case in a passport given to him, *upon his personal application*, by the American Minister in London, June 9, 1856. It is signed by Hon. G. M. Dallas, and recognises Mr. Putnam as a citizen of the United States, about to proceed to France.—*Salem Observer.*

THE DIVINITY STUDENTS AND THE FACULTY OF CAMBRIDGE.—We stated in our yesterday's paper that the Faculty of the Divinity School, Cambridge, had refused to sanction the election, by the Senior Class, of Rev. Theodore Parker, as Class Preacher, and that the class acquiesced. We now learn that a majority of the class have entered a protest against the act of the Faculty, as being a violation of the principle of religious toleration on which the school was founded; and that they have declined to make any new election of Class Preacher. —*Boston Traveller.*

A HANGING IN NORTH CAROLINA.—A correspondent of the Petersburg *Express*, writing from Goldsboro, N. C., says: Three negroes—two likely young men and an old woman, the mother of twenty children—were hung at Greenville, Pitt county, for murder. From early morn till noon, every avenue leading into the town was crowded with persons, representing all ages, sexes, classes and conditions of the population of the County round about. About nine o'clock in the morning a steamboat arrived from Washington, with some 500 passengers. The crowd was estimated at 5,000 persons, of which at least 1,000 were females.

A crowd of spectators attended the hanging at Brentsville, Va., on the 13th, of the three slaves of George Green, for the murder of their master, which they confessed. They were a woman of 70, her daughter of 50, and her grandson of 17 years. They were led to the gallows in long white shrouds, with ropes round their necks. The two youngest died easy, but the old woman, who had long been a professor of religion, and was no doubt the instigator of the whole affair, continued to breathe for about seven minutes, and died extremely hard

SALE OF NEGROES.—At the sale of negroes by Compton & Co., on Saturday last, the following prices were realized: Louisa, 19 years old, brought $984; Jack, 26 years old, Milly, 23 years old, and child, two years old, $1,950; Elisha, 15 years old, $850 50; Isaac, 32, his wife Maria, 23, and two children, eight and three years, $2,500. The *Intelligencer* gives the average prices of another lot of negroes, 15 in number, belonging to the estate of M. Duval, deceased, and sold by Finnin & Carr, at $715 33½.—*Texas Times.*

FRUITS OF THE DRED SCOTT DECISION.—The Marshall (Mich.) *Statesman* says: A coloured gentleman was brought into a pro-slavery Justice Court, the other day, in this town, on suspicion of debt, and plead that he was not a man, but a mere article of merchandise, and that the Court had no jurisdiction of him, citing as authority the late opinion of Chief Justice Taney in the Dred Scott case. Whereupon the Court amended the plea. The Kalamazoo *Gazette*, the most influential of the inferior Democratic papers of Michigan, has bolted his party. It cannot stand the Dred Scott decision.

NO MORE EMANCIPATION IN LOUISIANA.—The New Orleans *Picayune*, of March 28th, has the following, which is cited as the strongest act ever passed by the Louisiana Legislature:

An Act to Prohibit the Emancipation of Slaves.

Section 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Louisiana, in General Assembly convened, That from and after the passage of this act, no slave shall be emancipated in this State.

Approved March 6, 1857.

UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.—One of the Directors of that great North American corporation, the Underground Railroad, reports that one of the North-Western branches, on which he is located, has transported within the last three years over $100,000 of human bones and muscles, as estimated in the Southern market. He adds that the route has thus far proved a remarkably safe one, and, though governors have sought, by the aid of militia men, Southern kidnappers, commissioners and United States marshals, to create a line of business southward, it has almost universally proved unavailing; and the travel has, in spite of it, been all in one direction—towards Canada.

THE FOURTH GENERATION.—We are pleased to learn that John Quincy Adams, Esq., has been engaged to read the Declaration of Independence before the City Authorities on the Fourth of July. He is the son of Hon. Charles Francis Adams, the grandson of the President whose honoured name he bears, and the great grandson of old John Adams, who pledged his life, his fortune, and his sacred honour, in defence of the "high sounding and *glittering generalities*" of the Declaration of Independence. The same document was read by young Adams at Quincy last year.—*Boston Transcript.*

COL. FREMONT.—The Albany *Statesman* says: "Col. Fremont has acted like a very sensible man since his recent political defeat. He has to all appearance dismissed the affair from his mind, and has sat quietly down to earn a literary reputation, by writing a record of his 'Exploring Expeditions.' The work is nearly complete, and will be published by Childs & Peterson, of Philadelphia. The book will be gotten up in fine style, illustrated by the same artists who were engaged on Dr. Kane's 'Arctic Explorations,' and will form a fit companion to that admirable work."

There has been a lively time in the Illinois College, at Jacksonville, arising from an exceedingly improper attempt of a young student to speak of political topics in his exercise. Mr. Springer, the student, was rebuked by the Faculty and was denied a hearing. Failing to find redress within the walls of the College, he went outside and published a statement of the case. Then the Professor of Rhetoric made a counter statement, but was put down by the class with contemptuous hisses. Next day, the offending student was expelled. The excitement in the College was intense, and the young gentlemen are in transports of wrath.—*N. Y. Times.*

SPIRITUALISM AT HARVARD.—Quite an excitement has been occasioned by the suspension from Harvard College of a member of the Divinity School, who, professing to be an extraordinary spiritual medium, invited several members of the faculty to see his feats.

Some say that a scientific professor looked sharp after the feet of the medium, and satisfied himself that the tippings and mysterious music were both produced by those useful organs. The student sustains an unblemished reputation, and many of his associates believe him to be self-deceived. We see it also stated that when all the facts are brought out, it will put an entirely new version upon the affair.

"CHRISTIANITY IN THE KITCHEN."—Such is the title of a work soon to be issued by Mrs. Horace Mann. The Buffalo *Commercial* likes the idea, for certainly great reforms are needed in that department of human life. Bad coffee, overdone steaks, heavy biscuit and tough meats are all inventions of the enemy, the sources of much male profanity and female fretting. The kitchen is a proper field for missionary effort.

"What though with lavish kindness
The stolen steaks are strewn;
Some Bridget, in her blindness,
Will cook them hard as stone."

The Louisville *Journal* recollects hearing from the late Chief Justice Marshall that Governor Giles, of Virginia, once addressed a note of this tenor to Patrick Henry:

"Sir: I understand that you have called me a 'bobtail' politician. I wish to know if it be true, and if true, your meaning. WM. B. GILES."

To which Mr. Henry replied in this wise:

"Sir: I do not recollect having called you a bobtail politician at any time, but think it probable I have. Not recollecting the time or the occasion, I can't say what I did mean; but if you will tell me what you think I meant, I will say whether you are correct or not.

"Very respectfully, PATRICK HENRY."

GETTING RELIGION.—The *Western Watchman*, a religious paper, tells the following story:

Not long since, when some of our brethren were holding a meeting, one of the brethren inquired of a German present if he had religion?

"O yes," said he.

"Well, tell us when and how it was."

So he commenced as follows:

"I is Loteran. Vell, ven I pin a little poy, my fotter and motter take me to schurch, and I puts on de rite close [clothes] and sets me on te pench, mit te otter poys, and te preacher he preach, and ten he comes town, ant gives me te preat, ant te vine, and I cries a little, ant ten I bees ligen."

WHAT THE AGE WANTS.—The age does not want mere mannalists and functionaries, but whole-souled lovers of their kind. It does not want embalmers with their spices, but planters and promethean lungs; not ideas plastered in pyramids and mausoleums, but moving in marts and throbbing with the pulsations of joy and love. And if these happen to be a little unlike the old fashions, have no fear of being called visionaries—so long as you see what you say—whether your neighbours see it or blink it. See visions—It is the thinker's vocation; and turn them into facts—that is the workman's business. Dream dreams, and bring them to pass. Be hospitable to every faint, uncertain beam that straggles to your window. Who knows but it may travel from the skies, and have a sun on its track?—*F. D. Huntington.*

A LOTTERY HELPING A NEGRO TO FREEDOM.—A negro man named James Anderson, the property of I. R. Greene, Esq., the attorney, bought a whole ticket in a lottery in this city a day or two ago, which entitled the holder to $30,000. Previous to the drawing he importuned a young white man to go halves with him, and the young man finally consented, and therefore comes in for $15,000, his share of the prize. The negro indulged ideas of freedom, and Mr. Greene referred him to ex-Chancellor Pirtle for a valuation as to his own worth and that of his family, and they are now all free. The residue of the negro's funds has been placed in the hands of James Speed, Esq., as Trustee for Anderson. We learn that the fortunate possessor of the other half of the prize was a poor but worthy young man, who had a widowed mother to support; that his name is Thomas, and lives in the upper part of the city.—*Louisville Democrat, April 9.*

THE SOUTHERN PULPIT.—The Richmond (Va.) *Dispatch* thus replies to a Northern idea—that the Southern pulpit will respond politically to the Northern political pulpit:

"The Southern pulpit has not deserved this injustice. During the whole exciting period of the last Presidential contest, when New England pulpits were thundering anathemas against Buchanan, Fillmore and the whole South, not a single pulpit in all the Southern States was desecrated by political preaching. Not one clergyman in the whole South prostituted the sacred desk to political purposes. Our preachers, of all denominations, have confined themselves to the preaching of the Gospel, and will continue to do so, knowing that their Master's kingdom is not of this world. Which of the two, the Southern or Free Soil clergy, reflect in their pulpit course the spirit of their Master? Which are the truest exponents of Christianity?"

SPIRITUALISM AMONG THE OFFICE-HOLDERS. — The *Christian Spiritualist* congratulates itself on the recent conversion of the United States Marshal through the instrumentality of Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch. It says:

"The advanced Spiritualist cannot fail to discover in all these things that the already powerful army of three millions of Spiritualists in the United States are no longer ignored, 'here or elsewhere,' but to day stand 'a power in the nation.' The scoffing secular press little dreams of the extent to which this subject has advanced, among those high in power in this country; and were not this government—its army of office-holders—spotted all over with Spiritualists, the great mass of intelligent citizens would form a bulwark quite strong enough to frustify the Emperor of France in the bold position he has recently taken, and which a few years ago would have cost him his throne, if not have consigned him to the mad-house."

Waddy Thompson, ex-Minister to Mexico, is reported as another instance of conversion to the new faith.

HOW THE UTAH DIFFICULTIES MAY BE SETTLED.—There is one way in which the troublous affairs of Utah may be settled without violently disturbing the doctrine of squatter sovereignty, and in exact accordance with the wishes of the sectional interests into whose hands the government has wholly fallen. Let a dozen slaves, a few of them pretty mulatto girls, run away and take refuge among the Mormons. Mr. Buchanan would send the whole army after them, with Gen. Scott at its head. Brigham Young would naturally refuse to surrender the fugitives, especially the feminine part of them. He would have a "special revelation" upon that matter in less than fifteen minutes. A conflict would ensue; and while the army was employed in the great constitutional duty of getting back the negroes, it would, by overturning the power of Brigham Young, incidentally establish peace and law and order in the territory.—*Providence Journal.*

PENITENTIARY FOR KANSAS.—The resuscitated Jones, still Sheriff in the flesh, has returned home. All of the objects of his recent Missouri mission have not been developed, but one startling one has been *generously* given to the public. As a benefactor of public morals Sam Jones has been raising money to build a penitentiary—not by subscription among the Border Ruffians, they having as much as they can do to "carry on the war," but he has been *borrowing on the credit of the Government.* I have been told that the pro-slavery firm of Woodson & Russell agree to advance $30,000 on the credit of the General Government, for the immediate construction of a sufficient "Abolition" bird-cage. It is stated that pledges have been obtained from responsible parties in Washington that this loan will be promptly paid. That may be, but who authorized Bogus Sheriff Jones to go on such a financiering expedition?—*Cor. Tribune.*

A FOUNDLING.—Between eight and nine o'clock, on Friday evening, a son of the Rev. Dr. Furness was passing along Broad street, near the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, when he was startled by the cry of an infant in distress. Upon making search in the neighbourhood, he found, in a small street, alongside of the asylum, a bundle from which the cries proceeded. A male infant, about three months old, had been wrapped up in an old petticoat, and laid upon the sidewalk. The little outcast was taken to the Fifth District station-house, in Fifteenth street, and, after a time, it was sent to the Children's Home at Twelfth and Fitzwater streets; but the Children's Home was no home for that child, and the little one was sent away again.

Mrs. Furness afterwards kindly consented to take charge of the foundling until morning, when it was handed over to the Guardians of the Poor. The child, who is a fine boy, is to be named Allan Rutherford, in compliment to the worthy Lieutenant of the Fifth District.—*Phil. Sunday Dispatch.*

ONE OF THE BLUE LAWS.—*Mr. Editor:* I notice in the Code of the Blue Laws of Connecticut one or two articles worthy to be incorporated into our modern code. One relates to the use of "Tobacko," and holds the following language:

"*It is ordered*, That no man within this colonye, after the publication hereof, shall take any tobacko publiquely in the street, highwayes or any barne yardes, or uppon training dayes, in any open places, under the penalty of six-pence for each offence against this order, in any the particulars thereof, to bee paid without gainesaying uppon conviction, by the testimony of one witness, that is without just exception, before any one Majistrate. And the constables in the several townes are required to make presentment to each particular courte, of such as they doe understand can evict to bee transgressors of this order."

It appears from the above that legislators in those days regarded the use of "tobacko" to be so bad that no man was allowed to take it even in a "barn-yarde."—PRO BONO PUBLICO. —*N. Y. Examiner.*

TO BUY THE SLAVE INTERESTS IN KENTUCKY.—A proposition is in contemplation to buy the lands and negroes owned by slaveholders in Kentucky at their present valuation. If three-fourths of the slaveholders in the State will agree to sell their interest in land and negroes, the proposed company will advance a sum of money equal to one-half the estimated value of both, and in one year after pay the whole balance. The intention is to set the slaves free and then sell the land at an advanced price. In view of the State becoming free in one year after the first payment is made to the masters, and the State soon becoming settled with an industrious, enterprising, free people, there is no doubt but thousands would flock to her soil. Oh! Kentucky, why wilt thou longer bleed and groan under the hand of the oppressor? If three-fourths of the slaveholders will agree to sell at present valuation, the State will soon become free, and her coal and iron make untold millions for her free inhabitants. Shall we hear a voice from the slaveholder favourable to freedom, prosperity and wealth? We pause for an answer.—*Newport (Ky.) News.*

ANOTHER LEVY.—The *Free Democrat* of Saturday says that the attorneys of the slave-catchers, not content with taking $3,000 worth of its property, which, in the eye of the law, only paid $200 on the debt of $1,400, demanded more last Saturday, and were told they could not come in. The doors were barred, but at five o'clock, p. m., the Marshal broke in a window, and levied on printing paper, job paper, and types, for the balance of $1,200. How Mr. Booth manages to keep his hands off of such officials, is a mystery. He is believed to be an exciteable man, and that is brutled about as one of the peculiar failings. We should judge that, like the old Deacon Barnum tells about, it would answer for him to "express" himself before long. How long shall this tantalizing process continue in this State? And the Republican party of this State, shame to it! says he may fight the Slave Power alone, and not a dollar of State funds shall come to his aid. We will have a better Republican party bye-and-bye, or it will perish by self-putrefaction.—*Fond du Lac (Wis.) Commonwealth.*

ELECTIVE FRANCHISE IN WISCONSIN.—Another confirmation of the fact that persons of African descent and the female descendants of women are looked upon in about the same light, as to their real rights, is seen by the recent action of the Legislature of Wisconsin on the suffrage question. A proposition passed the Senate to strike out the word "white" in the Constitution, so as to allow all *men* over twenty-one years of age to vote. The House amended it by allowing all *persons* over twenty-one to vote. This the Senate rejected, thinking that to admit one proscribed class at a time would be sufficient. They were willing to see native-born coloured *men* vote, but when women were introduced as having the same right as "niggers," the Wisconsin Senators could not stand that, and they preferred to set both aside and let them remain to be taxed and not represented. We are not sure that the ladies of Wisconsin would avail themselves of such liberality, or that they ask it; but it was ungenerous to again certify that they were equal only—no, not quite—to the descendants of the Africans.

A very excellent report was made by a select committee of the Assembly on the subject.—*Woman's Advocate.*

THE NEGRO LAW.—Since our exposure of the parties concerned in getting up petitions for the enactment of a prohibitory negro law, published a few weeks ago, the scheme seems to have been dropped by those who had it in charge. Since that time not a single petition in its favour has been presented to the Legislature, and we may safely say that, now public attention has been directed to the matter, no further steps will be taken. Shame for the dirty work in which they have been engaged has stopped any further proceedings, and we very much doubt whether a member at Harrisburg could now be found who would incur the obloquy of advocating the measure in the Legislature. The copy of the petition, with some of the names appended, which was published in the *Intelligencer*, we understand, created quite a hubbub among the valiant Democracy of Bensalem and neighbouring parts, such developments not having been looked for. We have been credibly informed that many of the names attached to the petitions were those of Irish men and women, some of them unable to write, and who signed with a *mark*, and that others were those of children, obtained by circulating the paper among them while attending school. The character of this attempt to abridge the liberties of a class of our population may be inferred from the fact that it does not find an advocate even in the Doylestown *Democrat*, which journal, however, condescends to publish the statement that one of the negro persecutors is *not* a Democrat, but supported Fillmore last Fall.—*Bucks Co. (Pa.) Intelligencer.*

SLAVEHOLDING RELIGION.—A late English traveller in our exemplary Evangelical slaveholding States was told by a planter that the negroes were great villains, but "good at religion," "very good." "Some of the negroes were good fellows; but the majority lazy rascals, who needed to be constantly watched. They were very good at religion. He thought they were every bit as good preachers as the whites. He had a fine preacher himself that he'd sell to a church willingly for fourteen hundred dollars, and believed they'd have a good bargain of him at that. He would just as soon listen to him as any white preacher he knew. There was a black preacher in the neighbourhood bought in this way by his congregation. He thought there were far too many preachers, both black and white.

Miscellaneous Department.

THE DEAD SECRET.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH. OUTSIDE THE HOUSE.

THE next morning wrought no change in the resolution at which Uncle Joseph had arrived overnight. Out of the amazement and confusion produced in his mind by his niece's avowal of the object that had brought her to Cornwall, he had contrived to extract one clear and definite conclusion—that she was obstinately bent on placing herself in a situation of uncertainty, if not of absolute peril. Once persuaded of this, his kindly instincts all sprang into action, his natural firmness on the side of self-sacrifice asserted itself, and his determination not to let Sarah proceed on her journey alone, followed as a matter of course. In that determination he took refuge from the doubt, the perplexity, the vague uneasiness and alarm which her looks, her language and her conduct had caused in him. Strong in the self-denying generosity of his purpose—though strong in nothing else—when he and his niece met in the morning, and when Sarah spoke self-reproachfully of the sacrifice that he was making, of the serious hazards to which he was exposing himself for her sake, he refused to listen to her just as obstinately as he had refused the previous night. There was no need, he said, to speak another word on that subject. If she had abandoned her intention of going to Porthgenna, she had only to say so. If she had not, it was mere waste of breath to talk any more, for he was deaf in both ears to everything in the shape of a remonstrance that she could possibly address to him. Having expressed himself in these uncompromising terms, Uncle Joseph abruptly dismissed the subject, and tried to turn the conversation to a cheerful every-day topic, by asking his niece how she had passed the night.

"I was too anxious to sleep," she answered. "I can't fight with my fears and misgivings as some people can. All night long they keep me waking and thinking as if it was day."

"Thinking about what?" asked Uncle Joseph. "About the letter that is hidden? about the house of Porthgenna? about the Myrtle Room?"

"About how to get into the Myrtle Room," she said. "The more I try to plan and ponder, and settle beforehand what I shall do, the more confused and helpless I seem to be. All last night, uncle, I was trying to think of some excuse for getting inside the doors at Porthgenna Tower—and yet, if I was standing on the house-step at this moment, I should not know what to say when the servant and I first came face to face. How are we to persuade them to let us in? How am I to slip out of sight, even if we do get in? Can't you tell me? you will try, Uncle Joseph—I am sure you will try? Only help me so far, and I think I can answer for the rest. If they keep the keys where they used to keep them in my time, ten minutes to myself is all I should want—ten minutes, only ten short minutes, to make the end of my life easier to me than the beginning has been; to help me to grow old quietly and resignedly, if it is God's will that I should live out my years. O, how happy people must be who have all the courage they want; who are quick and clever, and have their wits about them! You are readier than I am, uncle; you said last night that you would think about how to advise me for the best—what did your thoughts end in? You will make me so much easier if you will only tell me that."

Uncle Joseph nodded assentingly, assumed a look of the profoundest gravity, and slowly laid his fore-finger along the side of his nose.

"What did I promise you last night?" he said. "Was it not to take my pipe and ask him to make me think? Good. I smoke three pipes, and think three thoughts. My first thought is—Wait! My second thought is again—Wait! My third thought is yet once more—Wait! You say you will be easy, Sarah, if I tell you the end of all my thoughts. Good. I have told you. There is the end—you are easy—it is all right."

"Wait?" repeated Sarah, with a look of bewilderment which suggested anything rather than a mind at ease. "I am afraid, uncle, I don't quite understand. Wait for what? Wait till when?"

"Wait till we arrive at the house, to be sure! Wait till we are got outside the door; then is time enough to think how we are to get in," said Uncle Joseph, with an air of conviction. "You understand now?"

"Yes—at least I understand better than I did. But, there is still another difficulty left. Uncle! I must tell you more than I intended ever to tell anybody—I must tell you that the letter is locked up."

"Locked up in a room?"

"Worse than that—locked up in something inside the room. The key that opens the door—even if I get it—the key that opens the door of the room is not all I want. There is another key besides that, a little key——" She stopped, with a confused, startled look.

"A little key that you have lost?" asked Uncle Joseph.

"I threw it down the well in the village, on the morning when I made my escape from Porthgenna. Oh, if I had only kept it about me! If it had only crossed my mind that I might want it again!"

"Well, well; there is no help for that now. Tell me, Sarah, what the something is which the letter is hidden in."

"I am afraid of the very walls hearing me."

"What nonsense! Come! whisper it to me."

She looked all round her distrustfully, and then whispered into the old man's ear. He listened eagerly, and laughed when she was silent again. "Bah!" he cried. "If that is all, make yourself happy. As you wicked English people say, it is as easy as lying. Why, my child, you can burst him open for yourself!"

"Burst it open? How?"

"Uncle Joseph went to the window-seat, which was made on the old-fashioned plan, to serve the purpose of a chest as well as a seat. He opened the lid, searched among some tools which lay in the receptacle beneath, and took out a chisel. "See," he said, demonstrating on the top of the window-seat the use to which the tool was to be put. "You push him in so—crick! Then you pull him up so—crack! It is the business of one little moment—crick! crack!—and the lock is done for. Take the chisel yourself, wrap him up in a bit of that stout paper there, and put him in your pocket. What are you waiting for? Do you want me to show you again, or do you think you can do it now for yourself?"

"I should like you to show me again, Uncle Joseph, but not now—not till we have got to the end of our journey."

"Good. Then I may finish my packing-up, and go ask about the coach. First and foremost, Mozart must put on his great coat, and travel with us." He took up the musical box, and placed it carefully in a leather case, which he slung by a strap over one shoulder. "Next, there is my pipe, the tobacco to feed him with, and the matches to set him alight. Last, here is my old German knapsack, which I pack last night. See! here is shirt, nightcap, pocket-handkerchief, sock. Say I am an emperor, and what do I want more than that? Good. I have Mozart, I have the pipe, I have the knapsack, I have—stop! stop! there is the old leather purse; he must not be forgotten. Look! here he is. Listen! Ting, ting, ting! He jingles; he has in his inside, money. Aha, my friend, my good Leather, you shall be lighter and leaner before you come home again. So, so—it is all complete; we are ready for the march now, from our tops to our toes. Good-bye, Sarah, my child, for a little half-hour; you shall wait here and amuse yourself while I go ask for the coach."

When Uncle Joseph came back, he brought his niece information that a coach would pass through Truro in an hour's time, which would set them down at a stage not more than five or six miles distant from the regular post-town of Porthgenna. The only direct conveyance to the post-town was a night-coach which carried the letter-bags, and which stopped to change horses at Truro at the very inconvenient hour of two o'clock in the morning. Being of opinion that to travel at bed-time was to make a toil of a pleasure, Uncle Joseph recommended taking places in the day-coach, and hiring any conveyance that could be afterwards obtained to carry his niece and himself on to the post-town. By this arrangement they would not only secure their own comfort, but gain the additional advantage of losing as little time as possible at Truro before proceeding on their journey to Porthgenna.

The plan thus proposed was the plan followed. When the coach stopped to change horses, Uncle Joseph and his niece were waiting to take their places by it. They found all the inside seats but one disengaged, were set down two hours afterwards at the stage that was nearest to the destination for which they were bound, hired a pony-chaise there, and reached the post-town between one and two o'clock in the afternoon.

Dismissing their conveyance at the inn, from motives of caution which were urged by Sarah, they set forth to walk across the moor to Porthgenna. On their way out of the town, they met the postman returning from his morning's delivery of letters in the surrounding district. His bag had been much heavier, and his walk much longer, that morning than usual. Among the extra letters that had taken him out of his ordinary course was one addressed to the housekeeper at Porthgenna Tower, which he had delivered early in the morning, when he first started on his rounds.

Thoughout the whole journey, Uncle Joseph had not made a single reference to the object for which it had been undertaken. Possessing a child's simplicity of nature, he was also endowed with a child's elasticity of disposition. The doubts and forebodings which troubled his niece's spirit, and kept her silent and thoughtful and sad, cast no darkening shadow over the natural sunshine of his mind. If he had really been travelling for pleasure alone, he could not have enjoyed more thoroughly than he did the different sights and events of the journey. All the happiness which the passing minute had to give him, he took as readily and gratefully as if there was no uncertainty in the future, no doubt, difficulty, or danger lying in wait for him at the journey's end. Before he had been half an hour in the coach, he had begun to tell the third inside passenger—a rigid old lady, who stared at him in speechless amazement—the whole history of the musical box, ending the narrative by setting it playing, in defiance of all the noise that the rolling wheels could make. When they left the coach, he was just as sociable afterwards with the driver of the chaise, vaunting the superiority of German beer over Cornish cider, and making his remarks upon the objects which they passed on the road with the pleasantest familiarity, and the heartiest enjoyment of his own jokes. It was not till he and Sarah were well out of the little town, and away by themselves on the great moor which stretched beyond it, that his manner altered and his talk ceased altogether. After walking on in silence for some little time, with his niece's arm in his, he suddenly stopped, looked her earnestly and kindly in the face, and laid his hand on her's.

"There is yet one thing more I want to ask you, my child," he said. "The journey has put it out of my head, but it has been in my heart all the time. When we leave this place of Porthgenna, and get back to my house, you will not go away? you will not leave Uncle Joseph again? Are you in service still, Sarah? Are you not your own master yet?"

"I was in service a few days since," she answered, "but I am free now. I have lost my place."

"Aha! You have lost your place; and why?"

"Because I would not see an innocent person unjustly blamed. Because—"

She checked herself. But the few words she had said were spoken with such a suddenly heightened colour, and with such an extraordinary emphasis and resolution of tone, that the old man opened his eyes as widely as possible, and looked at his niece in undisguised astonishment.

"So! so! so!" he exclaimed. "What! You have had a quarrel, Sarah?"

"Hush! Don't ask me any more questions now!" she pleaded earnestly. "I am too anxious and too frightened to answer. Uncle! this is Porthgenna Moor—this is the road I passed over, sixteen years ago, when I ran away to you. O! let us get on, pray let us get on! I can't think of anything now but the house we are so near, and the risk we are going to run."

They went on quickly, in silence. Half-an-hour's rapid walking brought them to the highest elevation on the moor, and gave the whole western prospect grandly to their view.

There below them was the dark, lonesome, spacious structure of Porthgenna Tower, with the sunlight already stealing round towards the windows of the west front! There was the path winding away to it gracefully over the brown moor, in curves of dazzling white! There, lower down, was the solitary old church, with the peaceful burial-ground nestling by its side. There, lower still, were the little scattered roofs of the fishermen's cottages! And there, beyond all, was the changeless glory of the sea, with its old seething lines of white foam, with the old winding margin of its yellow shores! Sixteen long years—such years of sorrow, such years of suffering, such years of change, counted by the pulses of the living heart!—had passed over the dead tranquillity of Porthgenna, and had altered it as little as if they had all been contained within the lapse of a single day!

The moments when the spirit within us is most deeply stirred are almost invariably the moments also when its outward manifestations are hardest to detect. Our own thoughts rise above us; our own feelings lie deeper than we can reach. How seldom words can help us, when their help is most wanted! How often our tears are dried up when we most long for them to help us! Was there ever a strong emotion in this world that could adequately express its own strength? What third person brought face to face with the old man and his niece, as they now stood together on the moor, would have suspected, to look at them, that the one was contemplating the landscape with nothing more than a stranger's curiosity, and that the other was viewing it through the recollections of half a life-time? The eyes of both were dry, the tongues of both were silent, the faces of both were set with equal attention towards the prospect. Even between themselves there was no real sympathy, no intelligible appeal from one spirit to the other. The old man's quiet admiration of the view was not more briefly and readily expressed, when they moved forward and spoke to each other, than the customary phrases of assent by which his niece replied to the little that he said. How many moments there are in this mortal life when, with all our boasted powers of speech, the words of our vocabulary treacherously fade out, and the page presents nothing to us but the sight of a perfect blank!

Slowly descending the slope of the moor, the uncle and niece drew nearer and nearer to Porthgenna Tower. They were within a quarter of an hour's walk of the house, when Sarah stopped at a place where a second path intersected the main foot-track which they had hitherto been following. On the left hand, as they now stood, the cross-path ran on until it was lost to the eye in the expanse of the moor. On the right hand, it led straight to the church.

"What do we stop for now?" asked Uncle Joseph, looking first in one direction and then in the other.

"Would you mind waiting for me here a little while, uncle? I can't pass the church-path——" she paused, in some trouble how to express herself—"without wishing (as I don't know what may happen after we get to the house), without wishing to see—to look at something——" she stopped again, and turned her face wistfully towards the church. The tears which had never wetted her eyes at the first view of Porthgenna, were beginning to rise in them now.

Uncle Joseph's natural delicacy warned him that it would be best to abstain from asking her for any explanations. "Go you where you like, to see what you like," he said patting her on the shoulder. "I shall stop here to make myself happy with my pipe; and Mozart shall come out of his cage, and sing a little in this fine fresh air." He unslung the leather case from his shoulder while he spoke, took out his musical-box, and set it ringing its tiny peal to the second of the two airs which it was constructed to play—the minuet in Don Giovanni. Sarah left him looking about carefully, not for a seat for himself, but for a smooth bit of rock to place the box upon. When he had found this, he lit his pipe, and sat down to his music and his smoking, like an epicure to a good dinner. "Aha!" he exclaimed to himself, looking round as composedly at the wild prospect on all sides of him as if he was still in his own little parlour at Truro. "Aha! Here is a fine big music room, my friend Mozart, for you to sing in! Ouf! there is wind enough in this place to blow your pretty dance-tune out to sea, and give the sailor-people a taste of it as they roll about in their ships."

Meanwhile, Sarah walked on rapidly towards the church and entered the inclosure of the little burial-ground. Towards that same part of it, to which she had directed her steps on the morning of her mistress's death, she now turned her face again, after a lapse of sixteen years. Here, at least, the march of time had left its palpable track—its footprints whose marks were graves. How many a little spot of ground, empty when she last saw it, had its mound and its headstone now! The one grave that she had come to see—the grave which had stood apart in the bygone days—had companion-graves on the right hand and on the left. She could not have singled it out, but for the weather-stains on the headstone, which told of storm and rain passing over it, that had not passed over the rest. The mound was still kept in shape; but the grass grew long, and waved a dreary welcome to her, as the wind swept through it. She knelt down by the stone, and tried to read the inscription. The black paint which had once made the carved words distinct, was all flayed off from them now. To any other eyes but her's, the very name of the dead man would have been hard to trace. She sighed heavily, as she followed the letters of the inscription mechanically one by one, with her finger:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
HUGH POLWHEAL,
AGED 26 YEARS.
HE MET WITH HIS DEATH
THROUGH THE FALL OF A ROCK
IN
PORTHGENNA MINE,
DECEMBER 17TH, 1823.

Her hand lingered over the letters after it had followed them to the last line; and she bent forward and pressed her lips on the stone.

"Better so!" she said to herself, as she rose from her knees, and looked at the inscription for the last time. "Better it should fade out so! Fewer strangers' eyes will see it; fewer strangers' feet will follow where mine have been—he will lie all the quieter in the place of his rest!"

She brushed the tears from her eyes, and gathered a few blades of grass from the grave—then left the churchyard. Outside the hedge that surrounded the enclosure, she stopped for a moment, and drew from the bosom of her dress the litte book of Wesley's Hymns, which she had taken with her from the desk in her bed-room on the morning of her flight from Porthgenna. The withered remains of the grass that she had plucked from the grave, sixteen years ago, lay between the pages still. She added to them the fresh fragments that she had just gathered, replaced the book in the bosom of her dress, and hastened back over the moor to the spot where the old man was waiting for her.

She found him packing up the musical-box again in its leather case. "A good wind," he said, holding up the palm of his hand to the fresh breeze that was sweeping over the moor. "A very good wind indeed, if you take him by himself—but a bitter bad wind if you take him with Mozart. He blows off the tune as if it was the hat on my head. You come back, my child, just at the nick of time—just when my pipe is done, and Mozart is ready to travel along the road once more. Ah, have you got the crying look in your eyes again, Sarah! What have you met with to make you cry? So! so! I see—the fewer questions I ask just now, the better you will like me. Good. I have done. No! I have a last question yet. What are we standing here for? why do we not go on?"

"Yes, yes—you are right, Uncle Joseph—let us go on at once. I shall lose all the little courage I have, if we stay here much longer looking at the house."

They proceeded down the path without another moment of delay. When they had reached the end of it, they stood opposite the eastern boundary wall of Porthgenna Tower. The principal entrance to the house, which had been very rarely used of late years, was in the west front, and was approached by a terrace road that overlooked the sea. The smaller entrance, which was generally used, was situated on the south side of the building, and led through the servants' offices to the great hall and the west staircase. Sarah's old experience of Porthgenna guided her instinctively towards this part of the house. She led her companion on, until they gained the southern angle of the east wall—then stopped and looked about her. Since they had passed the postman and had entered on the moor, they had not set eyes on a living creature; and still, though they were now under the very walls of Porthgenna, neither man, woman, nor child—not even a domestic animal—appeared in view.

"It is very lonely here," said Sarah, looking round her distrustfully. "Much lonelier than it used to be."

"Is it only to tell me what I can see for myself, that you are stopping now?" asked Uncle Joseph, whose inveterate cheerfulness would have been proof against the solitude of Sahara itself.

"No, no!" she answered, in a quick, anxious whisper. "But the bell we must ring at is so close—only round there—I should like to know what we are to say when we come face to face with the servant. You told me it was time enough to think about that when we were at the door. Uncle! we are all but at the door now. What shall we do?"

"The first thing to do," said Uncle Joseph, shrugging his shoulders, "is surely to ring."

"Yes—but when the servant comes, what are we to say?"

"Say?" repeated Uncle Joseph, knitting his eyebrows quite fiercely with the effort of thinking, and rapping his forehead with his forefinger, just under his hat. "Say? Stop, stop, stop, stop. Ah! I have got it? I know! Make yourself quite easy, Sarah. The moment the door is opened, all the speaking to the servant shall be done by me."

"O, how you relieve me! What shall you say?"

"Say? This—'How do you do? We have come to see the house.'"

When he had disclosed that remarkable expedient for effecting an entrance into Porthgenna Tower, he spread out both his hands interrogatively, drew back several paces from his niece, and looked at her with the serenely self-satisfied air of a man who has leapt, at one mental bound, from a doubt to a discovery.

Sarah gazed at him in astonishment. The expression of absolute conviction on his face staggered her. The poorest of all the poor excuses for gaining admission into the house, which she herself had thought of, and had rejected, during the previous night, seemed like the very perfection of artifice by comparison with such a childishly simple expedient as that suggested by Uncle Joseph. And yet there he stood, apparently quite convinced that he had hit on the means of smoothing away all obstacles at once. Not knowing what to say, not believing sufficiently in the validity of her own doubts to venture on openly expressing an opinion either one way or the other, she took the last refuge that was now left open to her—she endeavoured to gain time.

"It is very, very good of you, uncle, to take all the difficulty of speaking to the servant on your own shoulders," she said; the hidden despondency at her heart expressing itself, in spite of her, in the faintness of her voice, and the forlorn perplexity of her eyes. "But would you mind waiting a little before we ring at the door, and walking up and down for a few minutes by the side of this wall, where nobody is likely to see us? I want to get a little more time to prepare myself for the trial that I have to go through; and—and in case the servant makes any difficulties about letting us in—I mean difficulties that we cannot just now anticipate—would it not be as well to think of something else to say at the door? Perhaps, if you were to consider again——"

"There is not the least need," interposed Uncle Joseph. "I have only to speak to the servant, and—crick! crack!—you will see that we shall get in. But, I will walk up and down as long as you please. There is no reason, because I have done all my thinking in one moment, that you should have done all your thinking in one moment, too. No, no, no—no reason at all." Saying those words with a patronizing air, and a self-satisfied smile, which would have been irresistibly comical under any less critical circumstances, the old man again offered his arm to his niece, and led her back over the broken ground that lay under the eastern wall of Porthgenna Tower.

While Sarah was waiting in doubt outside the walls, it happened, by a curious coincidence, that another person, vested with the highest domestic authority, was also waiting in doubt inside the walls. This person was no other than the housekeeper of Porthgenna Tower; and the cause of her perplexity was nothing less than the letter which had been delivered by the postman that very morning.

It was a letter from Mrs. Frankland, which had been written after she had held a long conversation with her husband and Mr. Orridge, on receiving the last fragments of information which the doctor was able to communicate in reference to Mrs. Jazeph.

The housekeeper had read the letter through over and over again, and was more puzzled and astonished by it at every fresh reading. She was now waiting for the return of the steward, Mr. Munder, from his occupations out of doors, with the intention of taking his opinion on the singular communication which she had received from her mistress.

While Sarah and her uncle were still walking up and down outside the eastern wall, Mr. Munder entered the housekeeper's room. He was one of those tall, grave, benevolent looking men, with a comical head, a deep voice, a slow step, and a heavy manner, who passively contrive, by some inscrutable process, to get a great reputation for wisdom without the trouble of saying or doing anything to deserve it. All round the Porthgenna neighbourhood, the steward was popularly spoken of as a remarkably sound, sensible man; and the housekeeper, although a sharp woman in other matters, in this one respect shared to a large extent in the general delusion.

"Good morning, Mrs. Pentreath," said Mr. Munder. "Any news to-day?" What a weight and importance his deep voice and his impressively slow method of using it gave to those two insignificant sentences!

"News, Mr. Munder, that will astonish you," replied the housekeeper. "I have received a letter this morning from Mrs. Frankland, which is, without any exception, the most mystifying thing of the sort I ever met with. I am told to communicate the letter to you; and I have been waiting the whole morning to hear your opinion of it. Pray sit down, and give me all your attention—for I do positively assure you that the letter requires it."

Mr. Munder sat down, and became the picture of attention immediately—not of ordinary attention, which can be wearied, but of judicial attention, which knows no fatigue, and is superior alike to the power of dulness and the power of time. The housekeeper, without wasting the precious minutes—Mr. Munder's minutes, which ranked next on the scale of importance to a prime minister's!—opened her mistress's letter, and, resisting the natural temptation to make a few more prefatory remarks on it, immediately favoured the steward with the first paragraph, in the following terms:

"Mrs. Pentreath,

"You must be tired receiving letters from me, fixing a day for the arrival of my husband and myself. On this, the third occasion of my writing to you about our plans, it will be best, I think, to make no third appointment, but merely to say that we shall leave West Winston for Porthgenna the moment I can get the doctor's permission to travel."

"So far," remarked Mrs. Pentreath, placing the letter on her lap, and smoothing it out rather irritably while she spoke—"so far, there is nothing of much consequence. The letter certainly seems to me (between ourselves) to be written in rather poor language—too much like common talking to come up to my idea of what a lady's style of composition ought to be—but that is a matter of opinion. I can't say, and I should be the last person to wish to say, that the beginning of Mrs. Frankland's letter is not, upon the whole, perfectly clear. It is the middle and the end that I wish to consult you about, Mr. Munder."

"Just so," said Mr. Munder. Only two words, but what volumes of meaning in them! The housekeeper cleared her throat with extraordinary loudness and elaboration, and read on thus:

"My principal object in writing these lines is to request, by Mr. Frankland's desire, that you and Mr. Munder will endeavour to ascertain, as privately as possible, whether a person now travelling in Cornwall—in whom we happen to be much interested—has been yet seen in the neighbourhood of Porthgenna. The person in question is known to us by the name of Mrs. Jazeph. She is an elderly woman, of quiet lady-like manners, looking nervous and in delicate health. She dresses, according to our experience of her, with extreme propriety and neatness, and in dark colours. Her eyes have a singular expression of timidity, her voice is particularly soft and low, and her manner is frequently marked by extreme hesitation. I am thus particular in describing her, in case she should not be travelling under the name by which we know her.

"For reasons, which it is not necessary to state, both my husband and myself think it probable that, at some former period of her life, Mrs. Jazeph may have been connected with the Porthgenna neighbourhood. Whether this be the fact or no, it is indisputably certain that she is familiar with the interior of Porthgenna Tower, and that she has an interest of some kind, quite incomprehensible to us, in the house. Coupling these facts with the knowledge we have of her being now in Cornwall, we think it just within the range of possibility that you, or Mr. Munder, or some other person in our employment may meet with her; and we are particularly anxious, if she should by any chance ask to see the house, not only that you should show her over it with perfect readiness and civility, but also that you should take private and particular notice of her conduct from the time when she enters the building to the time when she leaves it. Do not let her out of your sight for a moment; and, if possible, pray get some trustworthy person to follow her unperceived, and ascertain where she goes to, after she has quitted the house. It is of the most vital importance that these instructions (strange as they may seem to you) should be implicitly obeyed to the very letter.

"I have only time and room to add, that we know nothing to the discredit of this person, and that we particularly desire you will manage matters with sufficient discretion (in case you meet with her) to prevent her from having any suspicion that you are acting under orders, or that you have any especial interest in watching her movements. You will be good enough to communicate this letter to the steward, and you are at liberty to repeat the instructions in it to any other trustworthy person, if necessary. Yours truly,

"ROSAMOND FRANKLAND.

"P. S.—I have left my room, and the baby is getting on charmingly."

"There!" said the housekeeper. "Who is to make head or tail of that, I should like to know! Did you ever, in all your experience, Mr. Munder, meet with such a letter before? Here is a very heavy responsibility laid on our shoulders, without one word of explanation. I have been puzzling my brains about what their interest in this mysterious woman can be, the whole morning; and the more I think, the less comes of it. What is your opinion, Mr. Munder? We ought to do something immediately. Is there any course in particular which you feel disposed to point out?"

Mr. Munder coughed softly, crossed his right leg over his left, put his head critically on one side, coughed softly for the second time, and looked at the housekeeper. If it had belonged to any other man in the world, Mrs. Pentreath would have considered that the face which now confronted her's expressed nothing but the most profound and vacant bewilderment. But it was Mr. Munder's face, and it was only to be looked at confidingly, with sentiments of respectful expectation.

"I rather think—" began Mr. Munder.

"Yes?" said the housekeeper, eagerly.

Before another word could be spoken, the maid-servant entered the room to lay the cloth for Mrs. Pentreath's dinner.

"There, there! never mind now, Betsey," said the housekeeper, impatiently. "Don't lay the cloth till I ring for you. Mr. Munder and I have something very important to talk about, and we can't be interrupted just yet."

She had hardly said the word, before an interruption of the most unexpected kind happened. The door-bell rang. This was a very unusual occurrence at Porthgenna Tower. The few persons who had any occasion to come to the house on domestic business always entered by a small side gate, which was left on the latch in the day-time.

"Who in the world can that be!" exclaimed Mrs. Pentreath, hastening to the window, which commanded a side view of the lower door steps.

The first object that met her eye, when she looked out, was a lady standing on the lowest step—a lady dressed very neatly in quiet, dark colours.

"Good Heavens, Mr. Munder!" cried the housekeeper, hurrying back to the table, and snatching up Mrs. Frankland's letter, which she had left on it. "There is a stranger waiting at the door at this very moment! a lady! or, at least, a woman—and dressed neatly, dressed in dark colours! You might knock me down, Mr. Munder, with a feather! Stop, Betsey—stop where you are!"

"I was only going, ma'am, to answer the door," said Betsey, in amazement.

"Stop where you are," reiterated Mrs. Pentreath, composing herself by a great effort. "I happen to have certain reasons, on this particular occasion, for descending out of my own place and putting myself into yours. Stand out of the way, you staring fool! I am going upstairs myself to answer that ring at the door."

THE QUEEN AND THE QUAKERESS.

IN the Summer of 1818, her late Majesty, Queen Charlotte, visited Bath, accompanied by the Princess Elizabeth. The waters soon effected such a respite from pain in the royal patient that she proposed an excursion to a park of some celebrity in the neighbourhood, then the estate of a rich widow lady belonging to the Society of Friends. Notice was given of the Queen's intention, and a message returned that she would be welcome. Our illustrious traveller had, perhaps, never before any personal intercourse with a member of the persuasion whose votaries never voluntarily paid taxes to "the man George, called King by the vain ones." The lady and gentleman who were to attend the royal visitants had but feeble ideas of the reception to be expected. It was supposed that the Quaker would at least say "Thy Majesty," "Thy Highness," or "Madame."

The royal carriage arrived at the lodge of the park punctually at the appointed hour. No preparations appeared to have been made; no hostess or domestic stood ready to greet the guests. The porter's bell was rung, he stepped forth deliberately, with his broad-brimmed beaver on, and unbendingly accosted the lord in waiting with "What's thy will, friend?"

This was almost unreasonable. "Surely," said the nobleman, "your lady is aware that Her Majesty—go to your mistress, and say that the Queen is here."

"No, truly," answered the man, "it needeth not—I have no mistress nor lady, but my friend Rachel Mills expects thee. Walk in."

The Queen and the Princess were handed out, and walked up the avenue. At the door of the house stood the plainly-attired Rachel, who, without even a courtesy, but with a cheerful nod, said, "How's thee do, friend? I am glad to see thee and thy daughter. I wish thee well. Rest and refresh thee and thy people, before I show thee my grounds."

What could be said of such a person? Some condescension was attempted, implying that her majesty came not only to view the park, but to testify her esteem for the Society to which Mistress Mills belonged. Cool and unawed, she answered, "Yes, thou art right there. The Friends are well thought of by most folks; but they need not the praise of the world; for the rest, many strangers gratify their curiosity by going over this place, and it is my custom to conduct them myself; therefore I will do the like by thee, friend Charlotte. Moreover, I think well of thee, as a dutiful wife and mother. Thou hast had thy trials, and so has thy good partner. I wish thy grandchild well through hers." [She alluded to the Princess Charlotte.]

It was so evident that the Friends meant kindly, nay, respectfully, that no offence could be taken. She escorted her guests through her estate. The Princess Elizabeth noticed in the hen-house a breed of poultry hitherto unknown to her, and expressed a wish to possess some of these rare fowls, imagining that Mrs. Mills would regard her wish as law; but the Quakeress merely remarked, with her characteristic evasion, "They are rare, as thou sayest; but if they are to be purchased in this land or other countries, I know of few women likelier than thyself to procure them with ease."

Her Royal Highness more plainly expressed her desire to purchase some of those which she beheld.

"I do not buy and sell," answered Rachel.

"Perhaps you will give me a pair?" persevered the Princess.

"Nay, verily," replied Rachel Mills, "I have refused many friends—and that which I denied to my own kinswoman, Martha Ash, it becometh me not to grant any. We have long had it to say that these birds belonged only to our house; and I can make no exception in thy favour."

This is a fact.—*Sharpe's London Magazine.*

PENN WAMPUM BELT.

WE had the very great pleasure of being present at the presentation to the Pennsylvania Historical Society of the Wampum Belt given to William Penn by the Indians at the Original Treaty under the Elm Tree, at Shackamaxon, in 1682. The ceremony took place on last Monday evening, at the Hall of the Society.

It is probably known to our readers that Granville John Penn, Esq., the lineal descendant of the great Founder of Pennsylvania, has visited this country twice, and has spent a considerable time in Philadelphia, and in travelling over the State in which he naturally feels so deep an interest. The family have kept in their possession, as an heir-loom, the Wampum Belt presented at the great Treaty, which, as Voltaire said—a bad man saying a good thing for once—was "the only treaty ratified without an oath, and the only one perfectly kept." This Belt, Mr. Penn determined to place in the keeping of the Historical Society.

A small, but, of course select, circle of gentlemen, including a few ladies, assembled at the appointed time, Henry D. Gilpin, Esq., in the chair. Mr. Penn—the President rising to receive him and remaining standing—then made an Address to the Society, giving the evidence of the authenticity of the Belt, accompanied with a variety of interesting statements, with some extracts from letters and documents, showing the inviolate nature of the Wampum Belt. He concluded by placing the Belt in the hands of the President, to be preserved perpetually as a sacred memorial.

Mr. Gilpin replied on the part of the Society. He adverted to the great pleasure it gave them to receive a gentleman bearing so honoured a name; pledged the hospitality of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania to the descendant of the Founder, and, adverting to the recent slanders upon the name of Penn, declared the firm determination of the Society to protect his memory, which he considered to be the common property of every Pennsylvanian. The offering borne in the hands of their distinguished visitor greatly enhanced the pleasure of this interview. The Elm Tree would live in tradition—there were those present who could recollect it, and old men had but recently passed from the stage of action, who were removed but by two or three generations from those who were present at the Treaty. History and written documents preserved the facts. One link alone was wanting. Like the seal to a document, we wished one other thing to establish our full confidence in that noble event. This was furnished by the Belt this night deposited in the archives of the Society.

All nations had some spot and some event connected with their national history around which their affections clustered. The Greeks ever venerated the Olive Tree planted by Minerva on the Acropolis; the Romans looked back to the Sacred Fountain of Egeria, where the divine Nymph taught to Numa he germ of those principles which gave the Republic dominion over the world. The Swiss lingered fondly over the field of the three Tells at Grutli; and Englishmen gathered with never-failing delight and affection to the island of Runnymede. The Sacred Fountain of Pennsylvania swells from beneath the Elm Tree at Shackamaxon, and this Wampum Belt will be treasured as the Palladium of our glory. It is a glory stained by no blood; tarnished by no crime; no tear of widow or orphan bedims it, for "Pennsylvania was founded by deeds of peace"; the red men on the soil of Pennsylvania venerated the name of Penn, to the latest generation; and their eulogy in narrative, and in their impassioned oratory, was still that noble tribute—"He was a good man."

With a cordially renewed welcome to Mr. Penn, to the Society, to the City and the State, Mr. Gilpin concluded his address.

Opportunity was then given for inspecting the Belt. It is made of shells, strung upon deer's hide. It is about a yard long, and eight inches wide; the shells white. In the middle, are two figures made dark on the white ground, joining hands. There are three oblique bars, also dark. We do not know their meaning, unless they might represent the Delaware, the Susquehanna, and the Ohio.

We should have been pleased if the President had given an opportunity for extempore addresses; some interesting reminiscences might have been brought out by the gentlemen present. We felt, too, that though there was something in the quietness with which the proceedings were conducted, which is very characteristic of Pennsylvania, yet that it might have been well if the presentation of such a relic had been signalized by more elaborate ceremonies and a more striking demonstration. There is not a heart in Pennsylvania that would not have beat at the sight of that Wampum Belt; many families have traditions of the deepest interest connected with the Delaware, the Susquehanna, the Tuscarora, the Shawnee, the Erie Indians. We confess we should have liked, with due notice to the whole State, to have seen the reception in Independence Square, and to have felt our pulses beat in unison on such an occasion with all that is fairest and noblest in our beloved Pennsylvania.—*Philadelphia Am. Presbyterian.*

THOSE GOOD OLD TIMES.

IN 1752, a member in Newbury, Massachusetts, refused communion with the Church because the Pastor wore a clerical *Wig*; and a most godly minister of that day believed the sufferings of King Phillip's War a judgment from Heaven, on account of the practice of wearing such wigs!

The Presbyterian Ministers of Scotland, in the Established and the Free Church, officiate in Gown and Band. The same is true of Ministers of our denomination in Holland, Germany, France, England and Ireland. Most of the clergy of our Church, in this country, formerly officiated in Gowns. Rev. Dr. Phillips, of the First Presbyterian Church, New York; Rev. Drs. Sprague, Campbell and Halley, of Albany, and Dev. Dr. Kennedy, of Troy, wear them. Rev. Dr. Cox, when in Brooklyn, wore a gown, and so do many other Presbyterian clergymen.

Rev. Mr. Vermilye, in his sermon preached at the Centennial Celebration of the First Presbyterian Church, Newburyport, mentions some practices that seem very singular to us now. For instance, he says:

"When Miss Hannah Tracy used the first umbrella in town, she was roundly abused for her pride. An item of history sufficiently illustrates their domestic habits. In 1720 the Scotch-Irish emigrants had introduced potatoes and the spinning-wheel into New England. In 1768 the young ladies met at Mr. Parsons's, and, after a sermon from Proverbs xxxiv. 19, they spun for Mrs. Parsons two hundred and seventy skeins of good yarn. In 1787 they did the same at Mr. Murray's, who preached from Exodus xxxv. 25, 'And all the women that were wise-hearted did spin with their hands.' Donation parties, however, were not much the custom.

"In the third parish till 1750, and in the first till 1769, the Scriptures were not read in the public worship; the Puritans wishing, in this respect as in others, to differ from Episcopacy, which requires such reading, and prescribes the portion for every service. The fathers stood in family prayer for the same reason. But here the Scriptures were always read. The first attempted change in customs related to the singing, and caused long and serious dissension; in fact, more animosity and alienation of feeling than almost any other subject which has agitated the congregation. In 1720 a much needed reform had commenced. Till that time the churches had but eight or ten tunes, and they were 'tortured and twisted as every unskillful throat saw fit.' The singing sounded, says Mr. Walter, like five hundred different tunes roared out at the same time,' and had become so drawling that 'I myself have twice in one note paused to take breath.' The reform caused a wonderful excitement and opposition. 'Truly,' says one, 'I have a great jealousy that if we once begin to sing by rule, the next thing will be to pray by rule and preach by rule, and then comes Popery!' It was the attempt to discontinue 'lining out the psalm' that produced the commotion here, and during the long contest there was some indecorum. For occasionally, whilst one party sung as the deacon lined it, the opposers would finish the verse, whatever the discord. But at last the innovators triumphed, and peace was restored. The first organ built in this country was in Boston, 1745. The first playing of one in this town was July, 1753, at the Episcopal Church. Here, however, they used the old-fashioned pitch pipe with notes on, and blown at one end, till Dr. Dana's day, when the clarionet and bass-viol were introduced—much to the scandal of one worthy member, who said 'they had got the fiddle, and only needed that the minister should get up and dance.'

"Formerly, instead of sending a 'note' for public prayers, the request was made from the pew; sometimes in language as curious as the subjects were various. Forty-five notes were presented to Dr. Dana during the second singing; leaving him but time to classify them for general allusion."

Many persons are constantly harping upon the good old times. To such we commend the following queer items which were recently found in the records of the Old Andover Church, in Massachusetts:

"January 17th, 1712. Voted (under protest), yt those persons who have pews sit with their wives.

"November 10th, 1713. Granted to Richard Barker four shillings, for his extraordinary trouble in sweeping up our meeting-house ye past year.

"March 17, 1796. Voted, that all the English women in the parish who marry or associate with Negro or Mulatto men be seated in the meeting-house with negro women."

This old church was evidently not quite so rich—in land and lucre at least—as Trinity Church in New York, nor quite so aristocratic as many of the churches in our land.

"DUST THOU ART, AND TO DUST THOU SHALT RETURN."—The New Orleans *Commercial Bulletin*, in alluding to some remarks of Dr. Dixon, of the *Scalpel*, touching the frightful practice which prevails among young ladies, of e